

Breadcrumbs 2019

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com/>
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

*All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways*

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The Existential Quest
The Hell of Imaginary Notion
The Limits of Artificial Intelligence
Quantum Cosmos, Quantum Mind
The Indifference v. the Churning
The Insecurity of the Moment
All You Need
The True Nature of Beginnings and Endings
Attending the Immaculate Awareness
Peering Out, Peering In
The Stillness Before Mind
The Miasma of the Busy-Busy
Critical Thinking v. Ignorance
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The Wind of Vanity
The Unadorned State
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The Ever-Wandering Mind

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The Rules of the Game
The Truth of Tribal Thinking
The So It Goes of Solitude
The Five W's and One H of Happens
The Sirens of Quantum
The Lila of Mystery
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What Do You Do?
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The Reality of the Senses
All Right, All Wrong
The Diddly-Squat of Knowing
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The Relativity Spectrum
Hard to Imagine
Untouched by the Senses
The Five W's and One H of Happening
The Source of History
Undoing the Instinctual Mind
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Just Another Organism
Hypocrisy, the Real Sin
The True Supreme Being
The Simplicity of Eternity
You Cannot Hide
No Other Known
Nothing to Spend, Nothing to Save
The Sands of Eternity
The Attributes of Duality
The Mindful and Mindless Pursuit of Trivia
Yes, Jesus Is Coming for You
The Usual Suspects
Always the Same Right-Here-Right-Now
The Conditioned Responses
*The Tussle Between the Mundane
and the Eternal*
The Temporal Nature of Love
The Truth of the Five Agreements
Cultivating the Audacity to Stand Alone
Avoid Deceiving Your Self
Imagination's Insatiable Craving
The Limitation of Awareness
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What Is Thought v. What Is Done
This Is What You Do
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Solitary Fantasy v. Theatrical Reality
How Can the Unknown Ever Be Known?
Alone for All Eternity
The Means to Change
The Art of Political Expediency
The Limits of Consciousness
Assumptions of Consciousness
An Impartial Creator-Destroyer
The Quantum Spark
For the Rest of Time
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What is Success? What is Failure?
Statistical Certitude? Or Science Fiction?
Temporary Passengers in the Sea of Oblivion
Equilibrium, Disruption, Equilibrium
Ever and Ever
Would You Just Get It Over With!
Tune In, Drop Out
Inherit the Earth v. Win Heaven
Pearls to Swine
The Heavens and Hells of Imagination

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<i>Behind the Veil</i>	<i>An Ethereal Bubble</i>
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<i>The Highest Calling</i>	<i>The Immense Emptiness</i>
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<i>Which Was First?</i>	<i>An Ever-Changing Quantum Illusion-Delusion</i>
<i>For Your Eyes Only</i>	<i>No Reality in the Natural Order</i>
<i>All the Same, None the Same</i>	<i>If You Must Believe in Something</i>
<i>Truths Are Truths, Lies Are Lies</i>	<i>The Isness You Are</i>
<i>A Discernable Reality</i>	<i>Party On, Pilgrim</i>
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<i>I Am You, You Are Me</i>	<i>An Immeasurable Detachment</i>
<i>To Speak Up, or Not to Speak Up</i>	<i>The Mystery of Now</i>

The Consequences! The Consequences!

Ever Blowing on and On

Give Ear to Sages

The Imaginary Nature of Space and Time

So Many Beyond-Knowing Questions

What is Space? What is Time?

The One and Only Real Law

What is the Eternal Mind?

Moderation! Moderation!

The Roots of All Things Human

More! More! More!

Without Judgment?

All Alone Together

Awareness, Always the Same

When You Are All Alone

How Full Do You Need to Be?

Every Life Form

Ensnared in a Quantum Mirage

Oblivion Awaits

Enduring Cultural Expectations

Yet Another Cautionary Tale

What It Always Boils Down To

Best Wander Alone

The Dubious Nature of Imagination

You Are Your Own Imaginary Protagonist

The Same Common Denominator

An Indomitable Mystery

The Point and Purpose of Organized Religion

No Need for Any Religion

The Pendulum of Love and Hate

The Eternal Equanimity of Awareness

All Existence, the Same Mystery

There Will Be Consequences

An Inscrutable Mystery

An Insatiable Beast

Trivial Pursuit

The Inscrutable Moment

The True Gold

The Human Obsession

Stay Free

A One-Time Show

That Which is Unborn-Undying

The Will of the People

This One and Only Moment

A Quantum Tool

The Only Reality

A Self-Absorbed Dream

The Ground of Awareness

Through Which It Blows
No Rewind, No Excuses
The Seven Deadly Sins
All Across the World
As if It Really Matters
Nothing All the While
How Sure Are You?
Nothing More, Nothing Less, Nothing But
This Moment, This Awareness
Every Sentient Being a Unique Translation
Ever Gone as Quickly as It Came
The Collapse of Entitlement
All the More, More, More You Will Never Do
A Ceaseless Circus
The Stiff Upper Lip
The Ever-Hungry Mind
The Solitary Walkabout to Freedom
The Unsullied Mind
All There Is, All There Is Not
A Solitary Dreamtime
From the Jungles of Long Ago
The Problems! The Problems!
More Than Likely
The Art of Grace

Delusion Unending
The Solitary Existence
Reigning in the Seven Deadlies
Naught But Stories
Bypassing the Mind-Gorp
The Fates Will Not Be Denied
Same Jungle, Same Monkeys
The Subjectivity of All Histories
The Ever-Churning Angst of Consciousness
The Intuitive Source of Rational Thinking
The Wings of Perception
All Niches Are Ultimately Equal
Your First and Foremost Every Day Passion
The Dance of Duality
The Hunger That Never Sleeps
Dubious Assumptions
Everyone an Observer
Madness Across the Board
Scratching Away at the Unknown in Every Way
Just a Distraction
Those Who Would Be at Peace
Endure Those Incapable of It
The Dead Reign the Living
The Crowded Centerstage

Duality's Menagerie

The Shadows of Relativity

Friends Without Borders

The Gift of Time

Destiny, a Pfft in All Eternity

Consciousness Got No Game

No Differences in the Timeless Clarity

The Dream Ahead

Stay Tuned ... 285

Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2019. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2019

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

<https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com/>

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. “The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim” is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: *The Stillness Before Time*, *The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim*, and *Breadcrumbs*. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of *Breadcrumbs*, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidentally, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy’s name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning “sowing” (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

*There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.*

Website

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com>

Blog

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com>

PDF

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

Including:

Of the Human Journey

Got God?

Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

<https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2015

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

<https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2018.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf>

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf>

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
<https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf>

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
<https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf>

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
<https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf>

Imagination: The Great Usurper
<https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf>

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
<https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesonprophets.pdf>

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
<https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf>

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf>

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
<https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf>

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
<https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com>
<https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf>

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
<https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf>

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
<https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com>
<https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf>

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
<https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf>

The ‘And More’ Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

<https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf>

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs

(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

<https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf>

History, History & More History

<https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/historyhistoryandmorehistory.pdf>

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

<https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationimaginationandmoreimagination.pdf>

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

<https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mysterymysteryandmoremystery.pdf>

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

<https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/patternspatternsandmorepatterns.pdf>

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

<https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/reincarnationreincarnationandmorereincarnation.pdf>

Science, Science & More Science

<https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sciencescienceandmorescience.pdf>

Titles, Titles & More Titles

<https://evenmoretitles.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/titlestitlesandmoretitles.pdf>

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

<https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theevenmoreseries.pdf>

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

<https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/59momentstothewayitisandisnot.pdf>

Of the Human Journey

Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

<https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofthehumanjourney.pdf>

The Mystery of the Mystery

<https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf>

The Real is Discovering

<https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealisdiscoveringseries.pdf>

To Be, or Not to Be

<https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf>

Who Was the First?

<https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf>

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming

Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

<https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf>

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog

https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations

A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends

<https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf>

Definitions

An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

<https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com>

<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
<https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf>

Jester Amok
<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3>
<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3>

My (Not Quite) Haiku
<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf>

Once Upon a Christmas
<https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf>

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
<https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf>

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
<https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
<https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf>

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
<https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf>

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
<https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com>
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf>

Uncle Sam Says
<https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com>
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so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while,
might be a good idea if You want the most current version)*

Leftovers

Awareness is the ineffable intelligence intrinsic to all life.
The quantum clayness is but the means to the given nature-nurture context,
And evolution's natural selection the sculptor timelessly fashioning the space-time creation.

* * * *

To convince any critical thinker of anything, You must use reason.
Not assertion, not sentiment, not superstition, not hope,
Nor any other variety of gobbledygook.

* * * *

Everyone seeing your mask but You.
Everyone seeing everyone else's mask but their own.
What a friggin' mystery.

* * * *

Why create some inexplicable imaginary deity
To explain an inexplicable imaginary mystery?
Let it tack its own course without the absurdity.

* * * *

The Socratic method is a form of cooperative argumentative dialogue between individuals,
Based on asking and answering questions to stimulate critical thinking,
And to draw out ideas and underlying presuppositions.
Socrates, where art thou now?

* * * *

Many things are said and written,
But it is You who must translate them
As your frame of reference deigns.

* * * *

What is wealth?
Power? Fame? Fortune? Pride?
Or the fulfillment, the contentment, that cannot be bound?

* * * *

Why is knowledge, why is anything born of the Ivory Tower
– Science, mathematics, history, et cetera ad infinitum –
Any less imaginary than Alice in Wonderland?
All consciousness is but the thunder and lightning of mind.

* * * *

All thought is habit, the conditioned outcome of the given nature-nurture.
Genome, geography, culture, gender, language, intelligence,
What choice does any have in their foundation?

And how can that original programming ever be overridden?

* * * *

War and peace are states of mind.
Ever rising and falling, ever ebbing and flowing,
Neither ever reigning supreme for long.

* * * *

Even at its best, science has a great deal of arbitrariness in its process.
Who asked the question? Who designed the experiment? What was its hypothesis?
Who funded the experiment? Who did the experiment? What equipment and technology were used?
Who interpreted the results? Who published the results? Who duplicated the experiment?
And whatever on-and-on and in-between in the theater of rational exploration.

* * * *

Yet another way vanity gains more power, more fame, more fortune,
In its unyielding, uncompromising, unstoppable paradigm of insatiable greed.

* * * *

Identity is a finite creation of consciousness, of imagination.
In the ultimate, indivisibly, timelessly infinite reality, You are pure awareness.
The imaginary you, materializes whenever the sensory-mind believes the manifest dream real,
Whenever it identifies with, whenever it attaches to, the finite body,
And its finite world, its finite cosmos.

* * * *

Consciousness is neither life nor death, existence nor oblivion.
An imaginary quantum dream-state make-believing time and space real and true,
Created by the evolutionary happenchance of the sensory mind-body,
Playing out the theater inspired by a collective collusion.
A genomic paradigm spun of mystery.

* * * *

The forces of the world are strong and unrelenting.
It takes great fortitude, great heart and mind, to withstand them.
Strength, courage, resilience, guts, staying power, grit, stamina, determination,
Endurance, sense, shrewdness, practicality, initiative, resourcefulness,
Gumption, get-up-and-go, common sense, presence of mind,
Are pragmatic concepts for any spirit to cultivate.

* * * *

Whose version of Schopenhauer are we talking about?
Whose version of Wittgenstein are we talking about?
Whose version of Lao Tzu are we talking about?
Whose version of Buddha are we talking about?
Whose version of Comte are we talking about?
Whose version of Bacon are we talking about?
Whose version of Heraclitus are we talking about?

Whose version of Kafka are we talking about?
 Whose version of Hume are we talking about?
 Whose version of Ikkyū are we talking about?
 Whose version of Rousseau are we talking about?
 Whose version of Russell are we talking about?
 Whose version of Hobbes are we talking about?
 Whose version of Machiavelli are we talking about?
 Whose version of Foucault are we talking about?
 Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
 Whose version of Kierkegaard are we talking about?
 Whose version of Krishna are we talking about?
 Whose version of Mill are we talking about?
 Whose version of de Beauvoir are we talking about?
 Whose version of Hess are we talking about?
 Whose version of Aquinas are we talking about?
 Whose version of Carneades are we talking about?
 Whose version of Diogenes are we talking about?
 Whose version of Smith are we talking about?
 Whose version of Confucius are we talking about?
 Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
 Whose version of James are we talking about?
 Whose version of Parmenides are we talking about?
 Whose version of Pascal are we talking about?
 Whose version of Chomsky are we talking about?
 Whose version of Thales are we talking about?
 Whose version of Sina are we talking about?
 Whose version of Patanjali are we talking about?
 Whose version of Watts are we talking about?
 Whose version of Ram Dass are we talking about?
 Whose version of Osho are we talking about?
 Whose version of Derrida are we talking about?
 Whose version of Marx are we talking about?
 Whose version of Vonnegut are we talking about?
 Whose version of Wollstonecraft are we talking about?
 Whose version of Descartes are we talking about?
 Whose version of Sartre are we talking about?
 Whose version of Muhammad are we talking about?
 Whose version of Locke are we talking about?
 Whose version of Emerson are we talking about?
 Whose version of Nietzsche are we talking about?
 Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
 Whose version of Dewey are we talking about?
 Whose version of Zoroaster are we talking about?
 Whose version of Whitman are we talking about?
 Whose version of Kant are we talking about?
 Whose version of Shankara are we talking about?
 Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
 Whose version of Epicurus are we talking about?

Whose version of Ashtavakra are we talking about?
Whose version of Aurelius are we talking about?
Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
Whose version of Jesus are we talking about?
Whose version of Yogananda are we talking about?
Whose version of Aristotle are we talking about?
Whose version of Camus are we talking about?
Whose version of Voltaire are we talking about?
Whose version of Spinoza are we talking about?
Whose version of Thoreau are we talking about?
Whose version of Hegel are we talking about?
Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
Whose version of Heidegger are we talking about?
Whose version of Krishnamurti are we talking about?
Whose version of (fill in the blank) are we talking about?

* * * *

Assertions mean nothing, opinions mean nothing,
Sentiments mean nothing, wishful thinking means nothing.
What overriding evidence is out there anywhere,
That will prove these thoughts wrong?

* * * *

Awareness can never be owned, nor can it be acted upon.
It is the ethereal ever-present, within which, without which,
All things quantum kaleidoscope, all times imagined, play.

* * * *

All the deities on high, including Jesus,
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka,
Are as real as that stairway to heaven.

* * * *

So many spending their existence trying so hard
To convince others their imaginary concoctions real.
What a delusional species we across the board are.

* * * *

Nationalism is tribalism too sizeable to call it a tribe.
Conquest is home invasion to the beat of drums.
Religions are cults too large to call them cults.
One of the more peculiar things about humankind,
Is its adeptness at deluding itself about almost anything.

* * * *

The unborn-undying indelibility of this unknowable eternal mystery,
Is that the awareness, the You-ness, within and without,
Indivisibly, timelessly, permeates everything,

And nothingness, all the while.

* * * *

Do not even for a second believe that You are the only one thinking something.
Do not even for a second doubt that You are the only one thinking something.

* * * *

To be a part of any group, You must believe, or pretend to believe,
In whatever it is the group does and does not subscribe.
You must drink the Kool-Aid, so to speak.

* * * *

Sweep away the cobwebs of space and time in the quantum mind.
Be the awareness You are, ever timeless, ever indelible, ever mysterious, within and without.
The indivisible source that is witness to this illusory manifest creation.
Omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

* * * *

We are carrying out the definition, the actuality, of any cancer.
It is the innate potential of all biology when there are no checks and balances.
A delusional species that long ago began assuming itself more important than it can ever be.

* * * *

Fantasy is considered fiction. Reality is considered nonfiction.
Both are of consciousness, both are imaginary.
So, what difference, really?

* * * *

Ultimately, all any vessel of awareness does is wander from one here-now to another.
Ever the same kaleidoscoping indivisibility playing out in the given quantum mind.

* * * *

One of the greater mysteries of the human absurdity,
Is how so many are able to morph rationality into abeyance.

* * * *

What is the point of always rushing from one goal, one purpose, to the next?
Whatever joy there may be in existence, is in savoring, valuing, the given moment.

* * * *

Do You spend your existence struggling to adapt circumstances to You,
Or do You follow the path of least resistance and adapt to circumstance?

* * * *

Meaningful or insignificant, interesting or boring, creative or destructive,
The quantum mind in time assigns whatever flavor its nature-nurture divines.

* * * *

Wishing You were a machine or computer is just never ever going to happen.
The meat-machine mind may be able to create them, but they can never become them.
Rationality, rapidity, efficiency, consistency, detachment, are but imaginary ideals,
Not destined to materialize in this or any other paradigm of the two-legged sort.

* * * *

Is existence really anything more than conditioned habit?
A recording that plays over and over each and every day,
With slight changes that only align with that prescribed.

* * * *

Awareness is the razor's edge of alleged existence.
Consciousness is merely imagination imagining itself alive,
But in truth, is naught but a shadow harbored in a corporeal container,
Pretending, make-believing, the sensory-inspired illusion of time and space real.
The human paradigm is nothing more than a collusion of a genetic line,
Locked in a patterned dream, born in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Cultivate the unknown.
Cultivate wonder.
Cultivate bliss.

* * * *

Consciousness is change, consciousness is known.
Awareness is serene, awareness is unknown.
Which is time-bound, which is timeless?
Which is insatiable, which is content?
Which is imaginary, which is real?
Which is fiction, which is true?

* * * *

What is the known but shavings gleaned by limited scope,
By consciousness born of the sensory-mind bound in time.

* * * *

One of the big lessons in history,
Is that its best to be cautious about trusting anybody with an agenda,
That is not necessarily in your best interest.

* * * *

What are the pronouns – I, me, You, he, she, they, them, we, us –
But linguistic inventions that sanction and magnify dualistic notion.

* * * *

What is male, what is female, but evolutionary currents of natural selection,
Come into being too many moons ago, to even begin to fully fathom the mystery of it.
Vain notion has absolutely nothing to do with the prior-to-consciousness process that got You here.

The body You inhabit is ultimately nothing more than a temporal vehicle,
For the awareness You are to witness its mystery.

* * * *

From their creation so long ago, your vast tree of naturally-selected seed lines,
Passed on their genome who knows how many times, how many places, how many ways,
Until, there You are, present in this timeless right-here-right-now, translating this,
Discerning the magical-mystery of existence, as relatively few ever have.

* * * *

There is no resolution to the loneliness fashioned by consciousness,
But to immerse in the unadulterated aloneness of awareness,
That is the eternal source of its thought-created torment.
To seek respite in conscious schemes is but a transient salve.

* * * *

The infant, in its all but tabula rasa state,
Its immaculate innocence, its watchful awareness,
Has yet to learn to act the imaginary role that is its destiny.

* * * *

The mind that wanders its Self is an inexplicable adventure,
Through every variety of heaven and hell, and all states between.

* * * *

The Ivory Tower is neither ivory nor a tower.
It is naught but another variety of human vanity.

* * * *

The tiger does not hate You; it is just hungry, and You are available.
One of your human neighbors just a short distance away, however, may truly hate You.
May covet everything You are, everything You have, and You are available.
Which predator, which hunter, which beast, to fear most?

* * * *

The “Me” and “Myself” and “I” is nothing more,
Than an imaginary confabulation of consciousness,
Assuming, pretending, colluding, time and space real.

* * * *

Everyone should get an Academy Award,
Or at least some sort of participant trophy,
For playing their imaginary persona so well.

* * * *

What is this indelible mystery of manifest existence,
But the timeless infinite infusing the time-bound finite.
Immortal soul, mortal body, in each and every inception.

* * * *

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.
The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.

The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real You is discovering there is no You.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness be mine or yours or theirs or any others?
How can You be anything but keenly attentive to the indelible mystery You are?
How has imagination so usurped your wonder that You are blind to your true nature?
How is it You accept any fictions concocted by vain notion to illuminate the inexplicable?

* * * *

What can You be once You stop identifying with the mind-body and the universe it has created?
Once You stop imagining the dream the senses every moment, hypnotize You into believing is real.
Once You discern that pure awareness is the one and only reality there is, has ever been, will ever be.
Once You realize your true nature is the ever-present here-now, the absolute totality, of all eternity.

* * * *

This magical world is birthing ground, home, garden, playground, graveyard.
Alas that we have abused it, neglected it, tortured it, maimed it, so very wrongly.

* * * *

The most pragmatic truth about regular Old School books and such,
Is that they do not require charging, do not require wireless networks,
And may well last thousands of years, and still be available to read.

* * * *

How can I see anything your way? How can You see anything my way?
Our frames of reference are entirely unique; we are very much all alone together.
At best we choose to imagine each other's worlds through intuitive extrapolation of our own.
No sure bet even with the most expansive of minds with the best of intentions.

* * * *

Are You this mind-body consciousness that is ever-changing,
Or the awareness that has always been very much the same?

* * * *

Once upon a time You were so naturally You,
And then You glimpsed your reflection in the pond,
And gradually succumbed to the delusion of vain notion.
How to get back to where You have been all along,
Is ever the challenge of the discerning mind.

* * * *

The Supreme Being is not some divinity-entity on some cloudy on-high.
It is the supreme, being; the totality, being; the absolute, being.
It is the quantum, being; it is the everything, being, it is the nothingness; being.
It is being on the supreme level, prior to and beyond all constraints born of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The immaculate awareness You truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
Your illusory universe will distract the mind You occupy in every way imaginable.
Fashion every possible hook to every moment, draw You out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.
And in every moment, You do acquiesce, in every moment, You do sip the quantum elixir,
You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

* * * *

Yoga is a Hindu spiritual and ascetic discipline, the ultimate aim of which,
Is purification and self-understanding leading to union with the impenetrable mystery.
Karma Yoga is action, Bhakti is Yoga devotion, Jnana Yoga is knowledge, Raja Yoga is meditation.
Despite sounding like different processes, they are really one in the same,
Each with its time, each with its place.

* * * *

The concept of family, the first tribe, can be such a peculiar thing.
People about which You might otherwise never even give a second thought,
You spend so much of your existence around, through every imaginable thick and thin.
Every imaginable passion, from heartfelt to heartache, from agape to odium.
Blood may be thicker than water, but it ain't that much thicker.

* * * *

How draining all the tortures these bodies offer.
Pleasure at some point becomes the absence of pain.

* * * *

Assholes and volcanoes have a great deal in common.
Sometime diarrhea, sometimes explosive maelstroms.
Always a reasonable possibility of collateral damage.

* * * *

Inhale, exhale, and with that exhale, let go the entire imaginary life.
Drift in the awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Awareness is all.
A moment ago, is forever expired,
And the next more ungraspable than the farthest star.
Space and time are the weavers of an inexplicable, imaginary dream,
Given illusionary reality by the temporal sensory-mind.
Creation and creator are one in the same.

* * * *

No arguing with physics.
Mass and velocity and vectors, are the judge and jury and executioner,
Of this temporal quantum dream.

* * * *

Inhale-exhale,
Full-empty,
Come-go,
Ebb-flow,
Birth-death,
Everything-nothing.
It is the way.

* * * *

Without the cosmos, there is no perception.
Without perception, there is no cosmos.
One cannot be without the other.

* * * *

Without imagination, there are no gods, no heavens, no hells.
Imagination is the creator, imagination is the creation.
Source of all illusions, source of all delusions.

* * * *

So many memories, so many perceptions, so many insights, so many distractions,
As to often make it exceedingly challenging, to give attention to the moment at hand.

* * * *

If You can say it better, say it.
If You can write it better, write it.
If You can do it better, do it.

* * * *

The sciences have obliquely, without intention, pointed out, over and over, in many ways, in many times,
That the senses are but evolutionary, neurological creations; weavers of the mind's theater.
What would it take for the transcendental to become clear beyond doubt,
And awareness reclaim its mystery-given sovereignty,
Over the conditioned usurper fashioned by imaginary design?

* * * *

You may be more intellectual than someone else, or they may be more intellectual than You.
You may be more attractive than someone else, or they may be more attractive than You.
You may be more powerful than someone else, or they may be more powerful than You.
You may be more affluent than someone else, or they may be more affluent than You.
You may be more famous than someone else, or they may be more famous than You.
What does it matter, really, all the superficial differences, all the superficial judgments,
The human mind inexorably, with only rare respite, contrives in this absurd little dreamtime?

* * * *

Each and every morning, from the very first moments of awakening,
The conditioned recording begins playing its mind-numbing assumptions,
And another day of inevitability, another day of sleep-walking, begins.

* * * *

Why feel blame or guilt or regret for being cast by the genetic lottery
Into a quantum dream for which You bear no responsibility, whatsoever?

* * * *

It is the finite nature of everything biological in this manifest theater,
That sooner or later there is a boundary, a limit, a border, a perimeter, a wall.
It is a Petri dish thing, and the faster one rushes towards that edge, the sooner it comes.

* * * *

Whether or not You ever give it your attention, whether or not You ever awaken to its ultimate reality,
Awareness is ever the same omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, immutable absoluteness.
Unaligned to any attribute contrived by the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum dream.
You are a drop of that dream playing out a time-bound, illusory existence.
A finite witness, peering out for a fleeting while, into an immeasurable mystery.

* * * *

That which is immortal, that which is without attributes, that which is unrestricted in any way.
Is the unmoving, immaculate awareness permeating all creation.
The eye that discerns all, knows all.

* * * *

Right here, right now, this very spaceless-timeless moment.
The simplest, most real, most true, most priceless place You can ever be.
Awareness is the driver; only a modicum of imagination required.

* * * *

What passion? What desire? What rage? What fervor?
What pleasure? What pain? What joy? What sorrow? What anything?
Can reside in the timeless instantaneousness of awareness?

* * * *

That ain't time, that ain't space,

That is a sensory kaleidoscope playing on the screen of a quantum mind,
An immeasurable mirage from the get-go.

* * * *

You will never know how all this is happening.
All You can do is play out your eensy-weensy little part,
In whatever way the given nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

The destiny, the fate, the kismet, the providence, the fortune, the chance, the karma,
Of any given time, of any given moment, will never ever happen again.
All dreamtimes are a one-time parade, a one-time spectacle,
A one-time theater of imaginary consequence.
All played impromptu by You.

* * * *

Call this touchy-feely, three-dimensional mystery by whatever sound You or others contrive
– God, Yahweh, Allah, Brahman, Tao, Quantum, Great Pumpkin, Whatever –
It is indifferent to all things, all attributes, including You.

* * * *

What is all the knowledge, all the wisdom, what are all the frames of reference in the world,
Without the indivisible, indelible awareness, the unknown, from which all things ascend?

* * * *

Gods and demons are all the whimsical notions of imagination,
And it is the mind's eye that must persevere unsullied,
Be renewed in the tabula rasa of eternal life,
If You earnestly seek to be free.

* * * *

What is so infinite about that which cannot be measured?
What is not so infinite about that which cannot be measured?

* * * *

Quantum rock.
Quantum paper.
Quantum scissors.

* * * *

Your biggest delusional assumption likely continues to be,
That You are anything more than an imaginary confabulation.

* * * *

To see the infinitely large all the way to the infinitely small,
Is to perchance discover there is really no infinitely at all.

* * * *

The universe and all its incalculable attributes,
Is but ceaseless distraction from what is real.
Nothing more than a remarkable light show.

* * * *

The climate in many geographies is becoming more uncomfortable, more forbidding by the year,
But where to run, where to hide, that will not be suffering its own deterioration?
The equilibrium we once knew, is still in absolute balance,
But will humankind survive it?

* * * *

Why feel bound to squabble with dead poets, much less live ones?
It is for each and every one what they perceive it is, and not, as well.

* * * *

Is there any other species on this planet that applauds us,
Near as much, or at all, as we ceaselessly do ourselves?

* * * *

Quantum mist.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum dream.

* * * *

Your face, your mind-body, is but the outcome of all the Darwinian choices,
Your ancestors made since their slime came into being in that long ago pool.
Nothing to be all vain and proud and narcissistic and arrogant about, really.

* * * *

It is the nature of our species to spend every day and every night, believing it is all about us.
Egocentric, ethnocentric, chronocentric, geocentric, heliocentric, cosmoscentric.
Exceptions only, over-and-over, again-and-again, prove the rule.

* * * *

Another instant, another moment, another twinkling,
Another second, another minute, another hour, another day, another night,
Another week, another month, another year, another decade, another century, another millennium,
Another period, another era, another span, another epoch, another age, another eon,
A quantum medley, all kaleidoscoping in the very same eternal now.

* * * *

Yet another pleasurable or painful or monotonous experience.
Yet another memory, another perception, another insight, another fragment,
Churning in the momentary wake of an inexplicable quantum dream.
All wrought by this sentient ephemerality we call imagination.

* * * *

What can anyone do but meet any given moment,
As square on as clearly as the mind-body,
In all its nature-nurture, allows.

* * * *

From what I have discerned,
It is pretty likely there is only one of any of us,
And the same goes for any aliens that may or may not be out there.

* * * *

Everything is subject to interpretation, relatively little of it objective,
If such a thing is even possible in the consciousness born of mortal fare.

* * * *

What is that face, that body, that mind, but the genetic outcome of the natural selection,
That began long before your most ancient ancestors were but slime in some muddy pond.

* * * *

All religion is absolute absurdity; there is no need to worship anything or anyone.
The universe is an unfathomable mystery, an inseparable quantum reverie, pure and simple.
And we are all the same mystery, and the same mystery is all of us; all ultimately equals in every way.
No need to make it any more or less than that; all else is but vain hollow notion.

* * * *

Now is the only moment, in which the enigmatic awareness, You think, You, exists.
There is no before, there is no after, there is no past, there is no future.
There is naught but the awareness, right here, right now,
An unknowable, timeless sentience, witness to a quantum dream.

* * * *

There is no such thing as history; there are only historians.
Storytellers, who persuade You to imagine their stories real.

* * * *

Is youth a blessing and old age a curse?
Or old age the blessing and youth the curse?
Perspective is all in the eyes of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Sometimes You do one thing; others, many others.
The passionate mind is not a trustworthy beast.
And ideals only serve to make it more obvious.

* * * *

For corruption to end, the corrupt must look within, to discern, to rectify, their ravenous minds.
And that, dear friends, as anyone paying attention will have noted,
Is not going to happen anytime ever.

* * * *

Try not to be harbor to too many immoderate vices.
The Seven Deadlies are not called deadly for no reason.

* * * *

You are the same now that is, has ever been, will ever be.
Despite all notions to the contrary, there is no time to it.

* * * *

Why must You always label your Self this or that?
Being anonymous within and without is much more real.

* * * *

You are your own rendition of normal.
It may be batshit crazy to everyone else, but it is what it is.
And it be more than a little likely there ain't nothing You can ever really do to change it.

* * * *

Rushing, rushing, always rushing, as though You have the clout to compel eternity,
That mysterious presence that is neither time nor space, somehow move any faster.
Or slower, if You believe digging in your heels will have some effect that direction.

* * * *

Imagination can wander every possible agony and ecstasy, but it ain't ultimately real,
Never has been, never will be ... more than the fanciful glitter of the time-bound mind.

* * * *

Consciousness born of mind, born of the illusion inspired by the senses,
Ever conspires to usurp the awareness that enables its imaginary dreamtime,
But cannot because fallacy can never reign when smoke and mirrors is its only hand.
That which is but time and space can never capture even for a moment that which is eternal,
That which is unborn, that which is undying, that which is not of times and space,
That which is indivisible, prior to all that is temporal and mundane.

* * * *

The Mariana Trench is 36,037 feet deep, Mount Everest is 29,029 feet tall, a total of 65066 feet.
A mile is 5,280 feet, so the distance from the deepest to the tallest points on earth is just over 12 miles.
The gap between the California municipalities of Turlock and Modesto is plus-or-minus 14 miles.
What would ever lead anyone to truly believe all the horrors the human species has inflicted,
Would not have at least a teensy-weensy impact on the magical garden that birthed it?

* * * *

The me-myself-and-I in which awareness harbors,
Is nothing more than a temporal concoction of imagination.
Even the ineffable, indivisible quantum matrix has no ultimate reality,
And to fantasize it does, is to assuage the insatiable mind with deceptions unending.

* * * *

You only know what the senses and mind into which they feed allow You to know,
And what is that, really, truly, but a mere sliver of the electromagnetic spectrum?

* * * *

From long before human history's earliest etchings,
The wealthy, the powerful, the renowned, have deceived themselves and others,
Into believing themselves superior to the churning masses.
Smoke and mirrors from the get-go.

* * * *

Assertions without substance mean nothing,
Unless the insubstantial is given weight,
By ignorance or darker purpose.

* * * *

What is the expert but someone fooling others,
Into believing they truly know something,
The bean-counting mind should know.

* * * *

All have a story, some more interesting, some more noteworthy,
But a chronicle, just as authentic, just as significant, nonetheless.

* * * *

Living for what others think of You can be a very long, very winding journey,
Through an endless labyrinth of netherworlds born of imaginary notion.
The mind-body suffers, consciousness suffers, imagination suffers.
The eternal awareness You truly are – and are not – is ever untouched.

* * * *

How ludicrous to believe any creed devised by the vanity of humankind,
Would ever be anything more than a passing shadow of the reality that is.

* * * *

What is the intangible we call soul, if not awareness?
And how can it be divided into yours or mine or theirs,
But through the vain arrogance of unwarranted assertion?

* * * *

You are eternity pretending a limited, oft-times narrow vision.
Hence vanity, and its indivisible, kaleidoscoping dance,
Of every virtue, every depravity imaginable.

* * * *

This is it, this is all there is.
Despite all the hope, despite all the speculation, there ain't no more.
Try not to lose any sleep over it.

* * * *

Are You something trying to be nothing, or nothing trying to be something?
Whatever the happenstance may be in the mind born of imagination,
It is always witnessed by the awareness, right here, right now.

* * * *

So much obesity, so much toxicity, so much suffering.
What have we allowed the food industry to do to us?
What have we allowed ourselves to do to ourselves?

* * * *

What is ego, what is will, what is me-myself-and-I but a concoction of nature-nurture?
No more than imaginary attachment to a temporal mind-body born to die,
Oftentimes more painfully, more horribly, than any deserve.

* * * *

All any of us are, all any life form will ever be, is a pattern, a loop, playing itself over and over.
Some loops are more byzantine than others, but all have a measure of predictability, nonetheless.

* * * *

The human mind is a ravenous, insatiable, incorrigible beast; more is never enough.
And here we are, screaming toward the brink, not more than a mild tap on the brakes.

* * * *

How long will You exist in this manifest dreamtime?
Five, ten, twenty, fifty, ninety years? Five, ten, twenty, fifty, ninety minutes?
The Reaper will greet all sooner or later; who can know when,
Lest You take the matter into your own hands.

* * * *

Organized religions offer mouthwatering pabulum and soothing pacifiers,
To those afraid to stand alone and investigate the mystery for themselves.

* * * *

You imagine You were born.
You imagine You were a child.
You imagine You were an adolescent.
You imagine You spent life as an adult.
You imagine so many things along the way,
Including the mortal end yet to come.
Has any of it really been real?

* * * *

If You were truly free of all earthly constraints, would it ever even occur to You?
And is there any creature on this spinning dust ball that is not likely freer than You?

* * * *

All memory, all perception, all conception, all notion spawned of mind,
Are nothing more than time-bound imagination, pretending existence real.

* * * *

Does anyone really aspire to do anything with their finite existence?
Or is it all merely the compulsion of the inherent nature-nurture?
Nothing more than the destined momentum of the given patterning.
An inescapable reverie playing out the delusion of meaning and purpose.
An inexplicable quantum cosmos, ticking away with neither rhyme nor reason.

* * * *

Each and every life form must very much alone come to grips,
With the nature-nurture scenario into which it has been cast.

* * * *

Your resting place in the coals of Hades is assured.
All You need to do is come to a clear decision
Whether or not to make it worthwhile.

* * * *

All that experience, all that knowledge, all that accumulation,
The entire frame of reference from which You draw your cosmos,
What is its real purpose but to get You to this very right-here-right-now,
The most You can be, the most You have ever been, the most You will ever be.
There is no more but what the endless cravings of imagination concoct.

* * * *

No one has ever, can ever, be the same as anyone else.
Everyone who has ever existed just wants to be accepted as they are.
Be and allow is the highest law: do unto others as You would have them do unto You.

* * * *

How this mystery came to be, how consciousness came to be,
Neither You nor anyone else will ever more than speculate.
It is only in the eternal stillness of the ever-present awareness,
That You will ever realize any tranquility in your existential quest.

* * * *

Every creation across the cosmos is founded upon one pattern or another.
Loops that play over and over until the quantum reality morphs into new designs.
Some may be moderately changeable, but only in relatively superficial ways.

* * * *

Make endless assumptions, take everything personally,
Hell is awash with boundaries of every imaginable notion.

* * * *

Artificial intelligence may be programmed to learn, to achieve great heights,

But will it not always be learning through the human mind that devised the code?
As with space travel blasting across galaxy after galaxy, exploring and battling aliens,
It is hard to believe its rise to sentience, will ever be more than musings of science fiction.

* * * *

Welcome to the Planet of the Apes.
We hope You have enjoyed your tour.

* * * *

How can You ever be anything more than a programmed script?
Perhaps a substantially complex script, but a script, nonetheless.

* * * *

Will You forever remain locked in the loop of your original conditioning?
Or will You learn to process critically enough to liberate your Self,
From the confines to which You now so adamantly cling?

* * * *

How can all the appearances of the quantum cosmos,
Be anything more than made-up states of mind,
Molded by collective assumption, collective collusion,
Evolved through natural selection in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Whether You have spare change or a nice little nest egg for the future,
Rest assured some vampire is looking to score whatever You will allow.

* * * *

So much loneliness playing out in so many minds in the human paradigm,
And consciousness never able to more than temporarily suppress the sorrow.

* * * *

The awareness does not care one whit whether You are good or bad,
Right or wrong, happy or sad, smart or stupid, sage or fool,
Kind or cruel, rich or poor, black or white, or any other this or that.
It is only the imaginary notions of consciousness that bother about anything.

* * * *

The mind is always seeking security,
But the mesmerizing draw of the insoluble,
The consuming anxiety born of desire and dread,
Leaves it in all-consuming turbulence again and again.
To attain at least a smidgen of serenity, of modicum of peace,
Give your Self over to the insecurity of the ever-transient moment,
Let go the imaginary universe in your weary head, at least once in a while.

* * * *

The continuity is imaginary.

In reality the awareness is born anew every moment.
Eternal life, such as it is.

* * * *

Either You play the dream real in whatever way it calls,
Or it is the railroad tracks in one form or another for You.

* * * *

The ever-churning state of imagination is endlessly beguiling,
But it ain't never real no matter how much You yearn it to be.

* * * *

What is wrong with You? What is right with You?
What difference but figments born of imagination.
Ever-pervading chatter attempting reconciliation.

* * * *

History is an ever-churning dynamic of interconnected contexts,
Playing out the cosmic patterns, begun in the long-ago-not-long-ago.

* * * *

If You have a talent, a gift, share it, fortune or no.
It will minimize the tides of regret down the road.

* * * *

Real religion is without dogma.
The Golden Rule is all You need.
Everything else is redundant.

* * * *

There are pluses, there are minuses, to any given situation.
How they add up is the best-case that makes for any decision.

* * * *

It is all instantaneously, simultaneously, come and gone as it happens.
Beginnings and endings are but imagination make-believing time real.

* * * *

Outside-the-box thinking first requires perception of the box.
If there is to be any possibility of free will, any perception beyond the given state,
The boundaries of the nature-nurture conditioning must be discerned,
By the ever-present attention of immaculate awareness.

* * * *

You are not the mind-body, You are not the imagination.
You are the timeless motionlessness of the unborn-undying awareness,
Peering out in whatever way the quantum indivisibility has without effort contrived.

* * * *

Nature does not give a flying hooey about the human species.
She will create and destroy without compunction.
Thrive or fail, live or die, she cares not.

* * * *

How far will science explore from the smallest small to the largest large,
Before it becomes glaringly apparent that it is all ultimately nothing at all.
That all that measuring, all that nomenclature, all that scholarly pursuit,
Has really never been more than the mind's reluctance to remain still.

* * * *

Life is full of coming, life is full of going.
Life is full of arriving; life is full of leaving.

* * * *

For those forever pursuing the ultimate answer, here it is: There is no ultimate answer.
Imagination will never find any truth that is not imaginary.
A busy mind is its own miasma.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness that is neither infinite nor infinitesimal,
Nor any other description known to the mind-body born of limitation.

* * * *

Ignorance is self-sustaining; always has been, always will be.
Critical thinkers are forever doomed in its ebb and flow,
No matter their countless attempts to raise the bar.

* * * *

Far more challenging for the human mind to simply be,
Than it is to mindlessly believe, to pretend, to imagine, the vanity of it all.
True faith, true devotion, true fidelity, is in the being.

* * * *

It is not some deity's will; it is our will, our vanity, our greed,
Our insatiable ravenousness for more-more-more,
That has fashioned this fine mess.

* * * *

History would indicate that many if not most human beings,
Value a pile of the glittery stuff, more than they do existence.

* * * *

What a thing to have squandered so much of one's existence,
Justifying, rationalizing, quarreling, over the endless absurdities,
Of ethnicity and gender and other given nature-nurture persuasions.
What is any tribal mindset but imaginary fare from any and every get-go.

* * * *

If You have not somehow released your Self,
From greed and vanity before death's final reckoning,
You most certainly will the instant after.

* * * *

It all boils down to the only You, the only awareness there is;
The indivisible all in one and one in all, call it what You will.

* * * *

After all the philosophical, all the spiritual, all the existential inquiry,
How is it your mind is still so compelled by the frolic of imagination?

* * * *

Death is the bona fide release from the mystery of existence,
But doing it ahead of time while living is the challenge,
To which mystics great to small spin their minds.

* * * *

In the total context of the cosmos, earth is little more than a tiny dust ball,
With a great variety of life forms scrambling about its relatively thin crust.

* * * *

Scientific method is the most exact means humankind has yet devised,
To measure, to examine, the parameters of this manifest quantum dimension.
If there are other dimensions in this intrepid electromagnetic spectrum,
No doubt any intelligence is exploring it as precisely as possible,
Through whatever ways and means circumstance allows.

* * * *

You may be at the top of some mountain today, victor of every skirmish,
But one day You, too, will succumb to incapacity and death,
And all your vanity, nothing more than wind.

* * * *

The newborn is but the tabula rasa of awareness until consciousness is gradually conditioned,
By the winds of time, by the agony and ecstasy of the given nature-nurture.
Awakening is to be reborn into that unadorned state.

* * * *

No ultimate point to anything at all, really; existence is but a sensory-mind dream.
And the dream is nothing more than quantum mist, born of an impenetrable mystery.
Pure, unadulterated illusion, witnessed by an awareness without beginning, without end.

* * * *

In complete attention to anything unutterably engaging,
Little self evaporates, and the awareness of true Self reigns,

Until the imaginary usurper regains its imaginary throne.

* * * *

The multitudes have never had any real say in the matter.
They are but consumers and cannon fodder for those who rule.

* * * *

Swaying the masses into not looking inward is what the absurdity of religion is really about.
Focus on mythologies, dogmas, idols, rituals, symbols, dress codes, hierarchies, not your Self.

* * * *

So many things we all have to live with, to endure, like it or no.
Fate is meted out each and every moment from first breath to last.

* * * *

Reality is not as concrete as thought would have it.
In fact, it is not concrete, not tangible, not palpable, at all.
Dubbing it a quantum dream is as close to truth as truth allows.
No need to create, no point in creating, any belief system, whatsoever.

* * * *

The mind is a willy-nilly wanderer.
Only the most focused attention tames it,
And likely very few attain that level of intrigue,
For any great length of timelessness.

* * * *

The so-called real world, the one playing out in your mind,
Is but an ever-rolodexing set of very imaginary perceptions.

* * * *

There is no power above, there is no power below.
There is only that which is neither within or without.

* * * *

The actuality is, You do not know who, You do not know what, You do not know when,
You do not know where, You do not know why, You do not know how.
You do not know anything but right-here-right-now.
And even that ain't no sure bet.

* * * *

Stories, history is chock-full of them, and every group across time has them.
It is the attachment to any of them that warrants fathoming the deeper current.

* * * *

That myth, that saga, that chronicle, that fable, that folktale, that legend,
Is most certainly not vaguely true, or remotely possible,
By any law of physics ever written.

* * * *

Nationalism is nothing more than tribalism on a substantial scale,
And tribalism is nothing more than the collective me-and-myself-and-I,
That is all about the imaginary you peering out into a sensory dream.

* * * *

No one is ever going to see, to perceive, anything the way You do.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

What is the point of all this trying to measure the immeasurable?
What is this inquisitiveness, this curiosity, this mind that never rests?

* * * *

Who happens.
What happens.
Where happens.
When happens.
Why happens.
How happens.

* * * *

The sensory mind, mesmerized by the sirens of quantum to wander the vibrations of light and sound,
Cast all creation into an impromptu theater that ceaselessly kaleidoscopes on in its metered way,
Carrying all organic life forms though a dream of awareness made apparent through time.

* * * *

Time is but a memory, a perception, a vision, an insight, a timeless flicker of imagination,
Sparked of the electromagnetic spectrum generating the invention of existence.
Upon a more esoteric scaffold, it has been called the Lila of Brahman.
The means by which the mystery may be eternally distracted,
With but a relative few stimulated by stubborn doubt,
To quest, to wander, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Given the nature of the human genome,
The newborn may not be full-on-free-and-clear tabula rasa,
But for all practical purposes the awareness is without a cloud in its windless sky.
Its untrammelled mind is as blank a slate as it ever will be again.

* * * *

All existence is process.
No beginnings, no endings, just process.
Cause and effect streaming seamlessly, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Ever dreaming on until death takes center stage,
And the curtain forever falls.

* * * *

Original sin, original goodness, You decide each and every moment,
In the way You talk, in the way You walk, in both action and deed.

* * * *

You see all from your perspective,
And others see You from theirs.
None of them ever the same.

* * * *

Do You give? Do You take?
Do You heal? Do You injure?
Do You create? Do You destroy?
Do You nourish? Do You consume?
Do You think? Do You regurgitate?
Do You dance? Do You march?
Do You live? Do You die?
Were You ever born?

* * * *

Like air filling up a balloon, unconcerned its size or shape or color,
Who-what-where-when-why-how it will wander, when it will pop or deflate.
The same indivisible essence, equally filling all things small to great, for all eternity.

* * * *

A moment ago ,may seem more real than a vague long-ago memory,
But in reality, both are equal time-bound filaments of imagination.

* * * *

This eternal moment is all You are, all You have.
Observe it well, for it is ever come and gone,
Before You can even begin to perceive it.

* * * *

Without sight ... hearing, taste, smell, feeling, would craft a different universe.
Without hearing ... taste, smell, feeling, sight, would craft a different universe.
Without taste ... smell, feeling, sight, hearing, would craft a different universe.
Without smell ... feeling, sight, hearing, taste, would craft a different universe.
Without feeling ... sight, hearing, taste, smell, would craft a different universe.
Without two or more of the above, the ones left would craft a different universe.

* * * *

The gradual shaping of self-imagery,
Frames all minds into spontaneous roles,
That fulfill the synergy of the human genome.

* * * *

There are few creatures on this planet,

That cannot be tamed, that cannot be domesticated,
By a discerning handout here and there.

* * * *

Regarding tattoos: T-shirts, sweatshirts, baseball caps, and other hallmark billboards,
Are much less expensive, and far less permanent, if change remains the-way-it-is reality.

* * * *

Most every problem, every conundrum, is so much more nuanced,
Than most minds have wit or discipline to even come close to grasping,
That it is all but impossible to come up with any clear-cut solutions.

* * * *

Across this garden world, across all time, every culture has contrived folklore and wisdom,
To rationalize the mystery from which all have come into being.
They are all right; they are all wrong.

* * * *

You do not know who, You do not know what,
You do not know where, You do not know when,
You do not know why, You do not know how,
Nor do You know any other diddly-squat.

* * * *

The fear of loneliness, the fear of pain, the fear of being without,
The fear of not surviving, the fear of whatever, are all self-made.

* * * *

Far more likely, most are far more fascinated with their own lives, than anyone else ever will be.
Exceptions might be mothers with their children before they learn to talk back.
That, however, might be more of a genomic survival thing.

* * * *

Each and every life form is witness to its own death,
Completely alone, no matter how many are watching.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is who?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is what?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is where?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is when?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is why?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is who?

* * * *

You assume the crunchy-chewy-goopy flesh and bones, out of which You peer, is your body,
And yet, You are able to observe it only partially, and in a most peculiar way.
Why is it that You have never ever seen your own mortal face,

Nor has anyone or anything else seen theirs,
Is indeed a koan for all.

* * * *

No one cares about You anywhere near as much,
As You in your illusional-slash-delusional way might like to believe.
The challenge is for You to balance the spreadsheet, with a detachment, equal to, or more.

* * * *

So many true believers as to make it impossible,
To not descend totally into absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Cast out the demons of vanity and greed.
Pure consciousness is untouched by all things mundane.
Only You can do it; You are on your own.

* * * *

There is no real need to believe in anyone or anything.
All belief is born of imagination's ceaseless craving for more.
When what it is, is what it is, from any get-go, from any beginning,
The challenge is choosing contentment in whatever existence has offered.

* * * *

Who can even begin to guess all the perceptions out there, about You.
Some of which may be true, some of which may be false,
All of which fall into the relativity spectrum.

* * * *

Hard to imagine that by the end of this century
The human genome will not be either pruned back dramatically,
Or entirely extinct because of a blend of climate change and environmental collapse,
Or, given our kind's inability to get along for more than brief bits of time,
A beyond-the-pale biological or chemical or nuclear holocaust.

* * * *

Your existence matters, or matters not, most to You.
The first and last question is: Who are You, really?

* * * *

What difference to the ultimate, whether anything is this way or that.
The indivisible realm is inviolable, untouchable, sacrosanct, sacred.

* * * *

Awareness sees nothing.
Awareness hears nothing.
Awareness smells nothing.
Awareness tastes nothing.

Awareness feels nothing.
Awareness thinks nothing.

* * * *

This cannot be taught, and as simple as it is,
Intuiting it is not at all easy for most, if not all.

* * * *

You have all the words, all the concepts, all the theories.
Now You just need to figure out what they mean,
And, as importantly, what they do not.

* * * *

Yes, the irony and paradox of these and any other times,
Is that many who investigate and discern the ultimate reality,
May well be mass murderers, rapists, molesters, abusers, or worse.

* * * *

Without the movement of consciousness,
Who and what and when and where and why and how,
Could You imagine yourself being?

* * * *

There is no divinity, no supreme being, in charge.
The given cosmos is a dynamic unto its Self,
In which detachment and disinterest,
Are imbedded in the bottom line.

* * * *

Had You been left to your own devices, without any input from the given culture,
What might You have imagined this mystery to be,
If anything?

* * * *

The only freedom from vain notion,
Is in the pure awareness prior to consciousness,
And that only for as long as the given mind can fully attend it.

* * * *

Who is happening?
What is happening?
Where is happening?
When is happening?
Why is happening?
How is happening?

* * * *

It is not Self that You should question, should doubt, should interrogate,

But the imaginary dreamtime into which all have been involuntarily cast.

* * * *

Even in the face of the most abominable roles consciousness might parlay,
Is it possible for any spirit to not reflect the flawlessness of its absolute nature?

* * * *

The human paradigm is about interacting with others.
Sometimes for a few moments, sometimes for an entire lifetime.
Sometimes beneficial, sometime harmful, sometimes trifling.
It is a dynamic from which all history is written, or not.

* * * *

You shall be right-here-right-now forever.
All yesterdays are but dreamy memories,
All tomorrows but dreamy projections.

* * * *

Human consciousness is entrenched in the instinctual mind,
Naturally selected in the fierce, remorseless jungles of long ago.
It cannot be undone but through the most discerning attention.

* * * *

You need not inwardly participate in the ever-careening dreamtime world,
Established, prescribed, ordained, predestined, decreed, designed, determined, commanded,
By any given culture, any given groupthink, any given karass, any given anything.
Assume the sovereignty to forge your own path, to chart your own course.
It is your narrative, your chronicle, to do with what destiny calls.

* * * *

How goes it in the fast lane, the slow lane, the middle lane?
How goes it on the high road, the low road, the middle road?
Or be ye a spirited lane-changer, born to fly free in the wind?

* * * *

What is true religion but timeless awareness.
Consciousness is but imagination dreaming.

* * * *

Sounds are here and gone, ever-changing.
Visions are here and gone, ever-changing.
Tastes are here and gone, ever-changing.
Smells are here and gone, ever-changing.
Touching is here and gone, ever-changing.
All things are here and gone, ever-changing.
Only in indivisible awareness does change still.

* * * *

Do not mix up who-what-where-when-why-how You are,
With who-what-where-why-when-why-how You do.
All identification is a trap of your own making.

* * * *

Sometimes You fill the mind-body, sometimes You empty it.
The variations and fluctuations of this manifest creation,
Cover every point of the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

The dearth of right relationship with nature,
Only condemn humankind to a harsher and harsher future,
And far more likely than not, to extinction.

* * * *

Humankind is really no different than any other organism.
We just have more ways and means in our cancerous onslaught.

* * * *

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least You are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

* * * *

Surround sound, surround vision, surround smell, surround taste, surround touch,
Is the virtual reality of the right-here-right-now of the timeless awareness You are.

* * * *

Supreme being is not an entity; it is not a dualistic notion.
It is the awareness, the indivisibility, the timelessness, the quintessence,
Within all creations great to small in the omnipresence, omnipotent, omniscient sense.
It is the beingness, the oneness, that reigns unconditional.
It is the absolute, it is eternity.

* * * *

In awareness, the seeker distinguishes Self.
In imagination, the seeker seeks and seeks, on and on.
Breathe in, breathe out, to discern how eternity is far too simple,
For the busy-busy of imagination to long endure.

* * * *

You believe your power, your fame, your wealth,
Your houses, your clothes, your jewelry, your things,
Your titles, your degrees, or any other hollow airs,
Mean anything to those who see You as You are?

* * * *

How can anyone ever more than speculate,

How any other creature, any other earthling,
Discerns its kaleidoscoping quantum universe.

* * * *

To believe there is a soul that needs saving, or can be saved,
Is a notion, an assumption, that has no merit, whatsoever.
The indivisible, ineffable mystery requires no saving.

* * * *

Good friends are the closest thing to true family, true tribe,
That You can possibly have in this quantum dreamtime.
Note that your mother may or may not be included.

* * * *

You have always been right here, right now.
Imagination is a time machine born of illusion.

* * * *

Your genetic past is the foundation of the patterning You are right here, right now.
Everything You say, everything You do, was written in your sands,
Long before eternity bloomed into consciousness.

* * * *

What would You do with power? With fame? With fortune?
Would You be the same? Would You be different?
How might your dreamtime change?

* * * *

In a dualistic universe, there is no light without dark, no good without evil,
Right without wrong, pleasure without pain, flow without ebb, yes without no.

* * * *

Whether in the world and of it or not,
It is the same indivisible quantum source.
How all play it is the call of the personal kind.

* * * *

In awareness, imagination is its own weaver of heavens and hells,
And every category, every variety, every strand, of purgatory between.

* * * *

This is your story, the truth of You.
Hopefully, it worked out relatively well.
Hopefully, You did not wish it away.
Hopefully, the dream played true.

* * * *

What a thing the evolution of the brain, of mind, of cognition.

From a naturally-selected instinctual apparatus, to one delineated by the given culture,
Teeming to the nth degree with every sort of detail, every sort of trivia,
Every variety of mindful and mindless pursuit.

* * * *

Santa Claus was real, until You finally figured out, he was not.
The same with the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka.
But Jesus? No, Jesus is real. Jesus is not a lie. Jesus died for your sins, that You might exist forever.
Jesus is going return someday to take You up to heaven, no matter what evils You have done.
All You need do is believe, and hand over ten percent-ish to your chosen middleman.

* * * *

Any cult (a.k.a., religion) likely has these usual suspects in common:
Charismatic leader,
Supreme deity with supporting troupe,
Mythology, idols, dogma, rituals, symbols, dress code, hierarchy,
And most importantly, a collection of true believers tithing to support the prescribed mission.

* * * *

You are not your identity, You are not your body, You are not your cosmos.
That is but a temporal part You are conditioned to play in the given vessel.

* * * *

Do You truly yearn for the freedom of eternal awareness,
Or is it merely the huff and puff of agreeable words?

* * * *

The zombie-like stares of young minds adrift in one screen or another,
Dreaming in the virtual reality of quantum design of the mind-made one.

* * * *

It is more than likely You cannot handle nirvana; otherwise, You would be there.
The harmony and peace of rapture, is not for the meek of spirit, nor the stale of mind.

* * * *

A most earnest determination is required to truthfully inquire into this inexplicable dream of time.
Any agenda concocted by any other offers nothing more than a long-and-winding labyrinth,
Replete with every imaginable smoke-and-mirror-illusory-deflection-of-a-distraction.
Whenever You are of a mind to every moment be the timeless state of awareness,
It will ever be the same right-here-right-now it has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

This dreamy universe is all about chemistry playing out in ways beyond imagining.
It is about how the kaleidoscoping quantum theater is every moment patterned.
The entire cabaret is nothing more than an ever-changing puzzle of a matrix.

* * * *

Endorphins are central to human behavior patterns.

How any respond to any given scenario, to any given moment,
Depends on the endorphins that are released into the given mind-body.
No one need give themselves over to any conditioned response,
But through the subjective stratum of attachment,
That rule their version of the cosmos.

* * * *

The further You are down the line in space-time's genetic lottery,
The fewer big-picture choices You have as far as the human epic goes.

* * * *

The Titanic was not doomed until the iceberg tore down its starboard side,
And the indifferent sea rushed into the bobbing cork to finish the foul deed.

* * * *

You need not react, need not respond, need not answer, to anything, but through your own volition.
It requires only your becoming extremely aware of the chemistries blended of desire and fear.
It requires observing closely, every moment, the feelings any given combination ordains,
Rather than simply giving awareness over to the conditioned mind-body responses.
The endorphin meter is set by the level of attachment to any given scenario.
To be as free as humanly possible is to function at a level of awareness,
Challenging to manifest for any great duration of so-called time.
In other words, the indivisible now, the timeless moment,
The awareness You truly are in this reverie of time,
Is, far more often than not, being interminably shanghaied,
By the time-bound imagination You are not, were not, will never be.

* * * *

Materialism is an aspect of any human dreamtime.
One that each and every one chooses to embrace or reject or integrate,
Depending on the endorphins that play out from the perception of possessing or being possessed.

* * * *

How much more satisfying, more agreeable, more enjoyable,
More gratifying, more pleasurable, even when giving,
To do anything creative or tedious or otherwise,
For your imaginary mind-body self, first.
Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

* * * *

When it comes to any communication, clear or otherwise,
It is the level of integrity that prompts, that governs,
The ways and means, language is used and abused.

* * * *

The time of consequences is that timeless time,
In which all must not only pay the inevitable ultimate price,
But all the sundry debts between now and then.

The end is nigh, and the road rocky.

* * * *

If You are not master of your own hunger, of your own greed,
How can You ever reasonably expect or encourage it in another?

* * * *

If there is nirvana, it is surely in the purest state of awareness,
To which the myriad knowns of consciousness entirely evaporate.
A pristine state, to which complete and utter aloneness is centerstage.

* * * *

Vanity being what it is between two or more of the two-legged paradigm,
Sooner than later, something will always go awry in any given group context.

* * * *

Love is nothing more than an imaginary human concoction.
An evolutionary consequence of the mammalian nervous system,
That has no reality whatsoever in the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Where does not practicing Don Miguel Ruiz's five agreements get You?
What happens when You are not impeccable with your word?
What happens when You take everything personally?
What happens when You make assumptions?
What happens when You do not always do your best?
What happens when You do not listen well with a skeptical ear?

* * * *

All your life You have followed some so-called religious archetype,
Deceiving your Self in one way or another with the ashes of a cultish tradition.
Yet here You are with that gnawing hunger to finally discover the truth behind the charade.
To finally apprehend, to finally yield, to the immaculate awareness You truly are,
And have only lacked the audacity to fully own, to fully stand alone.

* * * *

To without doubt realize this inexplicable, impenetrable, inscrutable, incomprehensible,
Indecipherable, inseparable, indelible, mystical-magical mystery of awareness,
As indivisibly fearless and desireless and guileless as it absolutely is,
The earnest, resolute seeker, can lie to anyone but himself.

* * * *

Closely observe the insatiable craving for more of anything and everything,
And realize its intoxicating dynamic is entirely born of imagination,
That is itself risen of the instinctual origin of the species.
We are but a relatively brief advent in this magical-mystery tour.

* * * *

Pure awareness is incapable of doing anything on its own.
It is permitted entrée to the dreamtime world, to the dreamtime universe,
Through sentient proficiency at spinning the quantum ground in so many nimble ways.
Ways regulated only by any given creature's naturally-selected, nature-nurtured, frame of reference.

* * * *

Lots and lots of zeros, way out there in the great beyond,
And bunches more on the wee side of the decimal point, too.

* * * *

You can imagine doing just about anything You please.
Playing out in your mind whatever good, whatever evil You will.
But what You actually do, is your worldly mark in the dusty sands of time.

* * * *

True belief, true faith, true knowing, do not flower in dogma.
Discern the indivisible, to slash the Gordian Knot of doubt.

* * * *

The psychic weight of space and time, is played out daily in every mind.
It is the quantum mirage that inspires endless impromptu,
In humankind's epic collusion of imagination.

* * * *

This is what You do.
No need to explain, justify, defend,
Absolve, prove, validate, rationalize, analyze, assert,
Vindicate, support, exonerate, uphold, modify, add to, or detract from.

* * * *

What agendas will set in stone the historical chronicles,
Of this relatively brief window of the human paradigm?

* * * *

The mystery gave its Self a magical garden world,
With an abundant diversity of psychotropic and other substances,
That it might, in a temporal setting, discern its timeless prior-to-quantum presence.

* * * *

When it comes to pleasing yourself, as all worthy narcissistic hedonists so often do,
Why would solitary fantasy rather than theatrical reality ever be a rancid thing?
What hypocrites play out in their pejorative noggins need not be a concern.

* * * *

Only the relatively rare can surround themselves with opponents,
And be at peace with the contrasting realities perceived by others.

* * * *

How has this awareness come to be? And can its indelible nature ever be known?
Can its ever-present reality ever be truly discerned as more than a conception of consciousness?
How can that which is timeless, that which is indivisible, that which is unborn-undying,
That which is prior to all that is quantum, ever be confined, or even touched,
By the time-bound-sensory-mind cosmos fashioned of imagination?

* * * *

There are a variety of remarkable substances,
That will aid your discerning the truth of this mystery of existence.
That this quantum dream of time and space, of agony and ecstasy, of all dualistic notion,
Is ultimately nothing more than an imaginary light and sound show.
That You are absolutely alone for all eternity,
And cannot do a friggin' thing about it,
Except succumb to one diversion after another,
Until You perchance wake up and stop smelling the roses.

* * * *

What has any revolution ever actually been,
But switching one pharaoh for another,
And not necessarily for the better.

* * * *

Speaking truth to power generally only brings about change,
If there is some sort of means, some sort of tool, some sort of weapon,
To influence, to leverage, to manipulate, to force, its attention.

* * * *

All histories, even the most scholarly renditions,
Are likely laced with at least one untruth,
And most likely more than a few.

* * * *

All judgments, opinions, conclusions, assessments, beliefs, prejudices, stereotypes, and the like,
Are ultimately meaningless, yet largely unavoidable, given the dualistic nature of the sensory mind.
Best keep as many to yourself as possible, if You aspire to the tranquility of political expediency.

* * * *

In any given sensory theater across the cosmos, across all creation,
Is it at all possible for consciousness to inspire anything but dualistic perception,
In all but those rare few gifted with eyes that see and ears that hear.

* * * *

There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow.
There is only the right-here-right-now,
Of the indivisibly timeless today.

* * * *

What is this awareness?

What is this perceiving we call soul?
Is it truly something distinct, something definite?
Or merely yet another resonant assumption of consciousness?
If awareness is soul, You are soul; if awareness is not soul, You are not soul.
How any prefer to see it is their own affair, and theirs alone,
As it is for every other, under any sun.

* * * *

Mother Nature is an absolutely impartial creator-destroyer.
She will raise You up and grind You down with the same equanimity.
It is up to You, and You alone, to survive, to persist, the dream of time between.

* * * *

The singular, indivisible, ever-present now is the only point,
At which the quantum spark of consciousness is touched by the senses,
The memory of which generates the illusion of time and space.
What is called reality is but a kaleidoscoping dream.

* * * *

Whether Jesus ever really existed or not,
Humankind is 99.9999% likely stuck
With Catholic and Christian and Mormon,
And other cultish absurdity for the rest of time.

* * * *

How can the awareness, in which there is no trace of space and time,
Ever be known by the mystery that is the architect of space and time?

* * * *

What are success and failure to those who seek, those who discern,
Those whose calling is the indelible, indivisible, immortal awakening?

* * * *

Statistically improbable as it well may be in the grand immensity of the ever-expanding cosmic adventure,
It is always possible that we are the one and only civilization that this vast universe as ever spawned.
To assume other worlds were, or will be, the right size in the right sun with the right chemistry,
With an evolutionary track that fostered forests with mammalian life, opposable thumbs,
Larynxes, lungs, arms, legs, tool-making brains – or something equally capable –
Might well be dubious, despite the near-infinity of star-crossed possibilities.
And even if some alien intelligence does perchance exist, how likely is it, seriously,
Other than in science fiction, in all the books and movies, upon which we insatiably gorge,
That we or they would ever cross the vast expanses, and somehow connect in any meaningful way?

* * * *

Resisting the ever-present, indivisible nature of awareness, is futile.
Consciousness is but a very temporary passenger of a very finite dream.
And must inevitably relinquish its imaginary reverie at one point or another.
It is the fate of all forms small to great, to drown in the sea of timeless oblivion.

* * * *

Patience not being one of its greater virtues,
Avarice must always resist the urge,
To kill the Golden Goose.

* * * *

A major die-off or extinction, we are every moment choosing.
Assuming, of course, there is any further choice in the matter.

* * * *

What is any story, any narrative, but an array of scenarios moving through a series of stages:
Beginning to blossoming to thickening to darkening to blackening to resolving to ending.
Or as thinker Tzvetan Todorov put it: From equilibrium to disruption to equilibrium.

* * * *

What is any story, but the chaff surrounding a message, a moral,
The fruit that draws a creature to consume the kernel and convey it to new ground,
The means to draw a reader, a listener, to a conclusion, to an insight,
That may flourish, and perchance ripple further still.

* * * *

And how often has your mortal existence,
Been what You might have anticipated,
For any great length of time, if at all.

* * * *

Whoever.
Whatever.
Wherever.
Whenever.
Whyever.
However.

* * * *

What on earth leads human beings to believe any deity worth its salt,
Would be at all interested in, at all concerned about, their pathetic tripe?
Imagine listening to all that wretched whining, day after day, for all eternity.
That deity must surely every moment wish our species would just get it over with.

* * * *

Is it as much religion or spirituality, as it is being in touch,
With the timeless legitimacy of pure, undifferentiated awareness,
Without all the missteps and mishaps and absurdities of consciousness,
And the ceaselessly insufferable array of temporal vanities,
Born of desire's intoxication with imagination.

* * * *

It is the selfish and stupid and vain who will inherit the earth,
Because it takes great humility and intelligence to win heaven.

* * * *

Although often a temptation, giving can have its drawbacks.
Benevolence toward those who lack gratitude, those who feel entitled,
Can end up being little more than hollow gesture that changes absolutely nothing.
Pearls to swine, so to speak.

* * * *

Heaven, hell, purgatory, call them what You will, are but conceptual perceptions.
Attitudes, insights, experiences, beliefs, realities, dreamscapes, notions, impressions.
Equally witnessed by the indelibly indivisible, eternal awareness of any given moment.

* * * *

You keep trying to remember, You keep trying to forget.
Holding on, letting go, so incompatible, so paradoxical, so ironical.
The Sisyphean fate of the conditioned mind entangled in the theater of time.

* * * *

And why again is the human species in way different, in any way superior,
To any bacteria racing towards the indifferent edge of a laboratory Petri dish?

* * * *

Egalitarianism begets convergence begets peace begets creation begets life.
Extremism begets polarization begets conflict begets destruction begets death.
It is the ebb and flow of the human paradigm; it is the ebb and flow of all creation.

* * * *

Generally, fairly wise to assume all your fussy persnickety about any this or any that,
Means pretty much diddly-squat to anyone anywhere else in this or any other dream of time.
Getting over yourself as often and quickly as possible is always judicious personal policy.

* * * *

Now the mind-body is doing this, now the mind-body is doing that,
None of it the awareness that is You, without imagination assuming it so.

* * * *

Time is not your best friend, but for way-never-enough moments,
And will again and again betray You, whittle You down,
At every irrevocable turn, unto the bitter end.

* * * *

Pleasure is the absence of pain.
Happiness, the absence of sorrow.
Wisdom, the absence of delusion.
Serenity, the absence of dread.

* * * *

The Me, the Myself, the I, are nothing more,
Than the ineffable, unfathomable, indelible awareness,
Usurped by the dualistic notions of consciousness, of imagination.

* * * *

You are but timeless awareness peering through a quantum veil.
The You that You believe You are, is but an imaginary concoction.

* * * *

How does mountain become a plain but by flowing into it.
How does a plain become a mountain but by upwelling into it.
In every greater there is a lesser; in every lesser there is a greater.
There is no stasis in this indivisible mystery of quantum design.

* * * *

Call it God, call it Soul, call it Whatever, there is only one mystery,
And it splinters into as many shards as any given universe will allow.

* * * *

The awareness You are, is immortal, unborn-undying.
Only the temporal, mundane, corporeal, imaginary mind-body dies.
You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.

* * * *

I am better than You, and my tribe is better than yours.
Same old me-myself-and-I narrative spun across the human paradigm,
Since imagination took root in the jungle-born mind, that evolved in the time before time.

* * * *

Whenever thought attaches to any sort of attribute,
Imagination usurps reality, death raises its conditional mind,
And the indivisible awareness seamlessly dissipates from center stage,
Serenely witnessing the eternal dream from behind the veil of consciousness,
The cloak that flutters amok in every rational and irrational way imagination allows.

* * * *

‘The’ stillness before time? Or ‘a’ stillness before time?
‘The’ awareness before time? Or ‘an’ awareness before time?
Definitive or tentative, absolute or transitory, You decide.

* * * *

If there is any calling in this ineffable mystery,
Surely the highest is discerning the unknown.

* * * *

You can sit in ashrams staring at walls,
Or freely meander the dream doing whatever You will.

From any beginning to any ending, it matters nary a speck nor an iota.

* * * *

How can anyone abide this rambling cacophony,
If they lack the ironical mind, the paradoxical wit?

* * * *

Which was first, the chicken or the egg?
Which was first, the breath or the thought?

* * * *

It is the eyes that create the greatest sense of separation within and without.
None of the other senses enhance dualistic notion in anywhere near the same way.
This grand theater matrix, this quantum dreamtime, would not be without them.

* * * *

In this ever-changing quantum matrix,
No matter how many times anything is observed,
Neither it nor the mind's eye of the beholder,
Are ever even for a moment the same.

* * * *

If something is true, it is true rain or shine, forever and daze beyond,
And many if not most assumptions, little more than fallacious notions.

* * * *

Whether to fix something before it is broken,
Can often be a question of resources and time,
As well as whatever inclination will be required.

* * * *

It is a reality all can easily distinguish, if they have the wit to give such attention to their mind-body,
That it dissolves into the quantum indivisibly, from which all manifestation small to great materializes.

* * * *

There appear to be no stops in the senseless ways,
To play out what appear to be an infinite array of insanities,
Available in this manifest theater of consciousness.

* * * *

Whether You discern it or not,
I know that I am You, and You are me,
And we, no matter the discourse, no matter the fate,
Are ultimately born of the same mystery.

* * * *

Time for mystics to stand up and be counted,
To stand up to the innumerable insufferable tyrannies,

Of so-called religions and other fabrications across the board.
That, of course, always runs risks of being stoned or burnt at the stake,
Or some other time-honored practice of doing away with witches and heretics.

* * * *

There is no 'Me', no 'Myself', no 'I', in the indivisibility of awareness; how can there be?
The given mind that asserts its dream real and true, is but a conditioned illusion,
An ever-changing, temporal, quantum phantom born of imagination.

* * * *

It is the immortal awareness we all equally are that carries on,
In whatever seedlings are available in this grand manifest theater.
Your particular notion of individuality is but a one-time dreamtime.
There is no heaven, there is no hell, but whatever imagination imagines.

* * * *

You have gone to all your bother, so that others do not have to,
And others have gone to all their bother, so You do not have to.

* * * *

So That is who.
So That is what.
So That is where.
So That is when.
So That is why.
So That is how.

* * * *

Imagination is but a streaming quantum dream,
Usurping awareness to fabricate an imaginary self.
It is only in a very still mind that You will be true Self.

* * * *

Anyone can fabricate a story,
But to believe it true requires a gullible mind,
Lacking any shadow of doubt, and prepared to pay any cost.
Such is the destiny of the true believer.
Let the buyer beware.

* * * *

When it comes to the instinct to propagate,
Human beings have no more restraint than any other critter.
Rabbits, cockroaches, any creature You might name, is compelled by its biology,
But only for as long as its environment, its habitat, its milieu, its niche, its nook, its cranny, allows.
Which, on the whole, is not very long, when You consider that more than 99 percent,
Of all species that ever lived on Earth, amounting to over five billion,
Are estimated to have been snuffed out by the winds of time.
Guesstimates of the living range from 10 to 14 million,

And their extinction is assured down the pike, too.
This whirling orb is a garden, not a museum.

* * * *

A rational, lucid, cynical, skeptical, absurd, asymmetrical mind,
May be the most balanced adaptation consciousness can concoct.

* * * *

If You truly yearn to be the totality,
Ascertain the right-here-right-now awareness,
As much as the given mind-body, in space and time allows.

* * * *

What was, can never be again,
And whatever will be, will evaporate, too.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The many attachments to which all are bound,
Are subjective concoctions of our own individual imagination.
To be unbound, one must cast off into the indivisible solitude of pure awareness,
From which all quantum creations in this mystery,
Are every moment spun.

* * * *

The human muddle is a slow-motion trainwreck working its way off the tracks.
It will only be remedied by a massive die-off; it will only be solved by extinction.

* * * *

You are but an ethereal bubble of awareness,
Rambling about the conditioned concoction,
Of a sensory-mind dream of space and time.

* * * *

Answer me this, Pilgrim: When have You ever even once not been,
The timeless, indivisible, undying, enduring, right-here-right-now?

* * * *

If You were lost at sea, bobbing in the immense emptiness, totally alone, with no hope of survival,
It would really be no different, than if You were sitting in your living room, doing the boob-tube shuffle.

* * * *

Religion as it is practiced by many if not most,
Is nothing more than a hierarchical covenant,
Inspired by one feudal paradigm or another.

* * * *

The You that You dream You are, is but a set of perceptions,

A collection of memories, a frame of reference, a grab bag of attributes,
Imagining your character real, your mind-body real, your world real, your universe real.
Real being nothing more than an ever-changing quantum illusion-delusion,
Defly mesmerizing the awareness equally permeating all.

* * * *

Geometric forms have absolutely no reality in the natural order.
Lines, circles, triangles, squares, pentagons, and all the many other shapes,
Are but conceptual creations by minds imagining perfect order,
In an indivisible mirage born of quantum chaos.

* * * *

If You must believe in something, believe in nature,
And draw on science to explore its rhyme and reason.
Or, be very, very still, and know all there is to know.

* * * *

Is it what You want to be, when You grow up? Or what You want to do?
The reality is, that the isness You are as a newborn,
Is what You will be at life's conclusion, and every moment between.
Do not identify with any attribute that locks You into what You are not, into what will never be.

* * * *

You are the perfect, most indivisible You.
You are not flawed in any way or shape or form.
Imperfect minds formulate archetypes that can never be,
Like geometric shapes which have absolutely no reality in nature.
Leave behind all who would limit your dream of time.
Party on as You are, Pilgrim, party on.

* * * *

No matter how much You think You know, how large your frame of reference,
There is so-to-the-power-of-n much more that You do not, never will, never can.

* * * *

The philosophers scrutinize with their language.
The scientists and mathematicians with their facts and figures.
All dispatching imperative thoughts and conclusion upon every this, every that,
To the awareness, the anonymity, the obscurity, the spaciousness, the timelessness, the stillness,
The wakefulness that witnesses all eternity with equally immeasurable detachment.

* * * *

If You believe that any words, any numbers, mean anything to the mystery of now,
You must also imagine that wind and clouds mean something to the spacious sky.
Awareness is all, and the motley shards are but players wafting across the stage.

* * * *

The pleasures the Fates offer, are balanced, if not dominated,

By the myriad consequences that will inevitably be endured.

* * * *

What meaning, what purpose,
Mean anything to the quantum sands of time,
Ever blowing, ever blowing, ever blowing, on and on and on.

* * * *

Nature is the teacher.
Pain and death her instruments.
Live or die, You choose.
Give ear to sages.

* * * *

It might have happened ten seconds ago, ten years ago, or ten thousand years ago.
What is space, what is time, but the quantum-made concoction of imagination?

* * * *

What does it mean to exist? What does it mean to be alive?
What does it mean for the quantum mystery to be conscious of itself?
What does it mean for the all but immeasurable electromagnetic spectrum,
To be able explore even an infinitesimal sliver of its boggling potential?
What does it mean for You to be pondering this thought right now?

* * * *

Memories from ten-twenty-thirty-forty-fifty-sixty-plus years ago,
Are as real as one even just a moment ago.
Imagination is all.

* * * *

Natural law supersedes any and all monkey-mind constructs.
Too obvious to need a supporting witness, or bang of a gavel.

* * * *

What is the eternal mind?
A mind that is awareness.
A mind that is perpetual.
A mind that is quantum.
A mind that is timeless.
A mind that is infinite.
A mind that is unborn.
A mind that is undying.
A mind that is absolute.
A mind that is immortal.
A mind that is indivisible.
A mind that is ever-present.
A mind that is ever-tranquil.
A mind that knows nothing.

A mind that is immaculate.
A mind that is everlasting.
A mind that is unbound.
A mind that is at rest.
A mind that is clear.
A mind that is solitary.
A mind that is sovereign.
A mind that is no mind at all.

* * * *

The consequences of the Seven Deadly Sins:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
Are eternities of universes well beyond counting.
Moderation is the challenge.

* * * *

What effort it takes to hold that imaginary universe together.
So much simpler to abide in the pure awareness of eternity.

* * * *

All this was set in motion millions of years ago back in the jungles of Africa.
We are all born of a natural selection process that runs through the core of our DNA.
No point getting upset about the fact that men do what men do, and women do what women do.
The contemporary world may make the tango of our species absurdly complex,
But the fundamental patterning is ever very much the same.

* * * *

The mind is an insatiable beast, ever hungry for more.
More food, more sex, more things, more power, more fame, more fortune.
Tamp down the ceaseless more-more-more of consciousness
If You wish to wander about free and clear.

* * * *

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?
Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,
Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

* * * *

You do not exist in any way, any shape, any form, You think You do.
You are an imaginary, whimsical, fantastical creature,
Really no more real than a unicorn.

* * * *

Why are some so surprised that our fellow earthlings are intelligent?
We are all products of the same indivisible quantum essence.
We are all playing our parts in the same dreamtime.
Why would they not be our equals in their own awareness?

* * * *

What is left to discover? What is left to win? What is left to conquer?
A battered-tattered-shattered world is not much to write home about.

* * * *

We are very much all alone together,
In this beyond all pales, magical mystery quantum matrix theater.
Everyone has their own vision, their own insight, their own conclusion, their own frame of reference.
No one can possibly see anything the same, so why should anyone be all that concerned,
What anyone else thinks or says or writes, or how they spend their time?
All the gossip is just imagination galloping its merry way.

* * * *

No matter how far You wander, how long You wander, where You wander, how You wander,
You will ever be abiding in the very same eternal prior-to-consciousness awareness.
You will ever be enduring in the very same perpetual right-here-right-now.

* * * *

What do You do when You are alone?
What do You do when there is no other about?
When there is no expectation, no reward, no punishment.
When there is no applause, no sanction, no rejection, no confinement.
What do You do when all bounds are entirely your own?

* * * *

What point to knowing it all, having it all, being it all, seeing it all, winning it all?
No matter the genetic role allotted, You are forever the same awareness,
You are ever the same essence, the same undying ever-present.

* * * *

Every life form ever born is of the same source.
Biological organisms sculpted of the same quantum essence.
No matter how large, no matter how small, none are really different at all.
For humankind to assert itself distinct or superior in any way, in any shape, in any form,
Is nothing more than consciousness imagining a collusion of delusion.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is eternal, timeless, boundless.
Consciousness is temporal, time-bound, limited.
A dream and dreamer ensnared in a quantum mirage.

* * * *

If what is real, if what is true, is not equally free to all without conditions,
Then it is just another middleman invention, just another middleman scam.

* * * *

Believing your little blip of existence
Will make any significant impact is laughable.
Historical archives are chock-full of the all-but-forgotten.
Oblivion awaits your surrender.

* * * *

What is sorrow but insistent, unrelenting self-absorption,
Unable to see anything beyond poor-me-poor-myself-poor I.

* * * *

How interested are You really in digging graves and attending wakes and funerals?
Do family and friends and acquaintances really carry that much emotional significance?
Or is it all nothing more than a who-buries-who obligation, You bear with a sigh of resignation?

* * * *

To believe yourself wise,
To believe yourself an astute sage,
Can be yet another road through purgatory,
Yet another cautionary tale.

* * * *

Differences are ultimately not at all what the mind perceives them to be.
Emphasis on them disregards the indivisibility that equally permeates all.

* * * *

So many words, so many concepts, so many philosophies, so many dogmas.
All artificial, all just to describe, to explain, to illustrate, to capture, what always boils down,
To the same timeless, unborn, undying, ungraspable mystery of awareness.
The eternal source that requires absolutely none of it.

* * * *

Dependence on tradition is a stupor that dulls the blade of discernment.
To stay free, to stay alert, to awaken to the greatest vision, best wander alone.

* * * *

Why should it take any effort to be what You are?
It most certainly did not when You were very young.
If there is struggle, imagination is ever the usual suspect.
If consciousness is but a dream, why give it credence?

* * * *

No matter how immense or minute, how bright or dim, any given mind –
Musical-rhythmically, visual-spatially, verbal-linguistically, logical-mathematically,
Bodily-kinesthetically, interpersonally, intrapersonally, naturalistically, existentially, morally –

That given mind is ever bound in the limits of space-time by its imaginary protagonist.

* * * *

All creation is devised of the same common denominator,
The same essence, the same ground, the same matrix, the same quantum.
Conservation of energy, indeed.

* * * *

So many tribal mindsets arguing and battling and shunning and destroying,
Over assumptions about a mystery they can never dominate.
A mystery to which all have equal access,
But none can ever own.

* * * *

Yet another physical edifice, yet another conceptual edifice.
How we do like to build so many things to such great heights.

* * * *

What is organized religion but never-ending waves of covetous middlemen,
Fabricating new ways to bedazzle and betray and bilk the unwitting sheeples.

* * * *

Why fill your immaculate, indelible, eternal mind,
With any religious labels, with any religious dogmas,
To which our kind is so needlessly, pointlessly addicted?
Awareness is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

To give the mystery of awareness any name is dubious.
It is far too great a mystery to be confined in any way.

* * * *

What so many call love so often seems such a shallow, selfish thing.
It generates an endless assortment of pleasurable endorphins,
But is easily traded when opportunity raises its head,
And often morphs into hate in that process.

* * * *

Awareness will ever remain exactly the same, no matter how it is branded.
It is impossible to burden its stillness, its serenity, its silence,
With any twist or turn of conscious design.

* * * *

Is there anything more tiring, more irritating, than working for a suit,
Who does not have the wit to comprehend and appreciate all You offer?

* * * *

It is all merely indivisible quantum matter,

Playing out a show in each and every mind,
None of it ultimately mattering all the while.

* * * *

Evolution has sculpted life into many patterns, many forms, many ways and means,
But it is ever the same soupy essence bubbling away beneath each and every surface.
All separation, all difference, all uniqueness, is nothing more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

Treat the corporeal container wisely, with respect and care,
Or it will have its revenge, my friend, it will have its revenge.

* * * *

Call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it Buddha, call it God, call it Yahweh, call it Allah,
Call it Great Spirit, call it Soul, call it Quantum, call it You, call it whatever You please,
It is far too great, far too inscrutable a mystery to be limited in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

The human mind, human consciousness, is an insatiable beast,
Ravenously consuming everything it can, seeking experience at every level,
Including attempting to grasp, to know, the immeasurable unknown,
Whose indelible mystery is eternally, indivisibly unbreachable.

* * * *

There is a very wearing danger in attaching too much relevance,
To the academics and their endless round-and-round,
In the Ivory Tower Trivial Pursuit Game.

* * * *

At the end of any given day, at the end of any given existence,
You will be the same awareness, the same right-here-ness-right-now-ness,
That You were on the first day of your immaculate entry into this mystery theater.
The inscrutable moment – omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent –
Is incapable of being anything other than now.

* * * *

Are the one-percenters and their minions ever truly loyal,
To anything but gold and the things it buys, the trinkets it owns?
Only too late do the Midases discern the immeasurable they have missed.
Only too late do they comprehend the true gold, they have never in mind, mined.

* * * *

What is this human hunger, this obsession, for there to be a point to it all?
What is so challenging for so many, about not having an explanation for something,
That every stratagem from superstition to science, is used to engineer one account or another.

* * * *

A surer way to autonomy,
Is to neither borrower nor lender be.
To neither owe, nor be owed,
Allows a freer wander.

* * * *

The danger in all the religious studies babble, is that You will never wake up,
To the real point, of all that has times-beyond-counting, been said or written.

* * * *

Alas that a sizable number of two-leggeds in this dreamworld,
Are not capable of the critical thinking required of a scientific mind.
Far, far easier, to be naive, to be credulous, to be superstitious.

* * * *

What if there is a final answer, and it still does not quench your ever-humming discontent?
What if it is yes? What if it is no? What if it is maybe? What if it is nothing? What if it is 42?

* * * *

Do not confuse the witness You are with what is witnessed.
Do not attach, do not cling in any way, in any shape, in any form,
The mystery You are, with the dream playing out about You.

* * * *

The relatively negligible persona You play in that mortal container, is a one-time show.
An extemporaneous fabrication of imagination, that has no fundamental reality, whatsoever.
What You truly are, is indivisibly more, and there is nothing individual, nothing personal about it.

* * * *

It is religions that are dead, not God.
That which is perpetual source, is very much present.
Very much eternally, indivisibly, permanently, right here, right now.
Very much the unborn-undying, unfathomable awareness, the witness, You truly are.

* * * *

A brief, narcissistic existence, replete with fabricated, delusionary meaning,
Surrounded in all directions by an eternally infinite ocean of purposelessness.

* * * *

However small or large the group, whether twosome or family or tribe or culture,
Or organization or country, or the entire species worldwide, across all time,
What is the will of the people, but a continually surging me-me-me.

* * * *

Yet another nuance with which to foster power and fame and fortune,
In whatever combination, whatever sequence, the given fate has in store.

* * * *

There is ... just ... this moment.
There has always been ... just ... this moment.
There will always be ... just ... this moment.
No matter how deeply You yearn for more,
There are no manifest points to connect.
Space and time are but an illusion,
Kaleidoscoping through it.

* * * *

The given brain is a quantum tool in which You abide for a fated time,
And with awareness and gumption and grit, and a pinch of good fortune,
You will perchance learn to maneuver it well, and without too much fallout.

* * * *

All histories are but piecemeal fabrications of illusory perceptions,
Born of sensory mind-bodies wandering a quantum playhouse.
Space is unreal, time is unreal, light is unreal, sound is unreal.
All is but imaginary notion, make-believe narratives from any get-go.
Only the immaculate awareness through which consciousness streams is real.

* * * *

What is this me ... what is this myself ... what is this I ... but a time-bound dream of self-absorption.
... egocentric ... ethnocentric ... chronocentric ... geocentric ... heliocentric ... cosmoscentric ...
It is all about an imaginary me-me-me ... projecting in every way, in every shape, in every form.

* * * *

All the gusting flurries of the mind-body, are of absolutely no consequence to the eternal awareness.
The myriad concoctions of imagination, are but time-bound fabrications,
Of an ever-changing make-believe reality.
If You yearn for tranquility, if You yearn for true Self,
Abide the cosmos kaleidoscoping about You in the ground of awareness.

* * * *

The motley winds of consciousness with all its attributes, all its dualities:
Black and white hot and cold, full and empty, good and evil, life and death,
Has absolutely nothing to do with the still awareness through which it blows.

* * * *

In the grand finale, as You exhale that last wheezing breath, and perhaps long before,
All your thoughts, all your deeds, will amount to the same nada,
As before You gasped that first one.

* * * *

Coulda, shoulda, woulda.
Coulda, woulda, shoulda.
Shoulda, coulda, woulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda.
Woulda, shoulda, coulda.

Woulda, coulda, shoulda.
However You might choose to say it,
Essentially the same no-rewind-no-excuses meaning.
Essentially the same oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth;
Each triggers its own unique gratification, its own distinct hormonal stimulation.
Look around and witness the countless extremes so many across the board,
Are in their nature-nurture frame of reference inspired to experience.
Tales told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

All across the world, the same conversations.
No matter the geography, no matter the time, no matter the culture,
No matter the tradition, no matter the politic, no matter the economics, no matter the technology,
No matter the religion, no matter the philosophy, no matter the language, no matter the dress,
No matter the gender, no matter the family, no matter the education, no matter the work,
No matter the war, no matter the sport, no matter the pastimes, no matter anything;
Each and every human being, males and females of all ages and persuasions,
Are in every way imaginable, essentially having the same conversations.

* * * *

Bookstores, libraries, museums, thrift shops, garage sales, dusty collections, landfills, fiery pyres.
Selling, giving, burying, burning, books of every imaginable title written across the world, across time.
Billions and billions, likely even trillions of thoughts, set down again and again, forever again.
As if it really matters.

* * * *

Consciousness and all its imaginary assumptions, is a tyrannical figment,
Founded upon the evolutionary happenstance of the biological imperative.

* * * *

Mother Nature is immortal creator and destroyer.
Every moment simultaneously making and unmaking.
An ever-changing quantum apparition playing at existence.
Ever streaming, kaleidoscoping, appearing, dissolving.
Unconditionally, indivisibly, nothing all the while.

* * * *

Do You hurt or kill someone,
Because they do not see it or do it your way?
How absurdly ludicrous is that?

* * * *

You are the ever-present awareness, commandeered by the given biological container,
Sailing the illusion of space-time, playing out whatever consciousness its capacity allows.

* * * *

Who is your tribe?
Who are your parents, your siblings?
What is You gender, your race, your religion, your culture?
What are all your attachments to this dreamtime world, or some rumored next one?
And what, by the way, makes You so sure any of it is truly real,
Or that You were ever even born?

* * * *

The challenge is to not confuse the witness You are with what is witnessed.
To not attach in any way, in any shape, in any form, the awareness You truly are,
With the sensory-inspired illusion-delusion of time and space kaleidoscoping about You.
You are pure awareness cloaked in a quantum reverie; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Awareness is simultaneously, indivisibly, indelibly prior,
To any and all illusions sponsored by space and time.

* * * *

This moment, this awareness, is what You have always been.
This moment, this awareness, is what You will always be.
There is no more to it, there is no less to it.
All else is naught but vain notion.

* * * *

Ponder, if You will, every life form from small to great, sentient to insentient,
All born of the same indivisible mystery, all born with the same immutable awareness.
Each and every one, very much alone, crafting its own unique translation of the quantum play,
Each and every one simultaneously dreaming an existence, a world, a universe, in its own distinct way.

* * * *

The tyranny of mind,
All its ironies, all its paradoxes, all its becomings,
Is unending until it ends.

* * * *

Timeless awareness is what You are, is all You are.
The quantum theater and all its countlessly boggling attributes,
Is but an imaginary, touchy-feely, three-dimensional light and sound show.
A dream of time and space, ever gone as quickly as it came.

* * * *

Same old yada yada middleman,
Marketing the same old snake oil,
Repackaged with a shiny new label.

* * * *

The future is fucked in just about every way imaginable.

What will happen to all the young folk when their entitlement collapses?
Hopefully, the aliens will have a time machine, when they show up in a few million years.

* * * *

Destiny is founded upon the sands of mind,
Written and unwritten every ephemeral moment,
By the imaginary continuum of assumption.

* * * *

More food You shall never eat, more liquor You shall never drink.
More books You shall never read, more music You shall never hear,
More movies You shall never watch, more places You shall never see,
More clothes You shall never wear, more furniture You shall never use.
So many things You can never do, so many things You will never do.
In the endless, ceaseless, perpetual, more of more, more, more.

* * * *

The vanity of the human drama is a ceaseless, absurdity-laden circus.
Buddha did it his way, Hitler did it his, your mother did it hers.
What difference in the indivisible quantum reality, really?

* * * *

So many things You can never do, so many things You will never do.
There is no point letting your panties get all bunched up about anything, really.
Much better give it the stiff-upper-lip “oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.”

* * * *

The ephemeral ground of imagination
Is built upon the ever-present quantum swirl.
The everything, the everywhere, nothing all the while.

* * * *

To declare, to assert, “I am free.”
Who is the I? What is am? What is freedom?
Imagination, what an illusory jester.

* * * *

So much gluttony, and for what, but frivolous gratification,
And momentary, futile distraction, from loneliness and self-pity.
Governing the ever-hungry mind, requires a discipline so many lack.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is but a swirl of illusion,
A dream to which You may or may not choose to subscribe.

* * * *

All human beings are shaped by the nature-nurture, into which they are involuntarily cast.
All are conditioned, trained, programmed, indoctrinated, disciplined, humbled, tamed, cultivated,

Domesticated, subjugated, suppressed, conquered, curbed, pacified, repressed, brainwashed.
To unshackle one's true Self, to un-wash the mind, requires a great deal of discernment.
Each, very much alone, must choose, must grapple, to be free of all the absurdity.

* * * *

Despite all their names, all governments are oligarchies of one form or another,
Motivating the masses with whatever carrot or stick keeps the agenda moving.

* * * *

Enduring this existence, surviving this existence,
Need not make You guilty in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Heavens, hells, reincarnation, karma, whatever beliefs have been set before You,
Are nothing more than concoctions, speculations, assumptions,
Of the those who would own your mind.

* * * *

Awareness is all there is, awareness is all there is not.
Ever-present, indivisible, immortal, unborn, undying, boundless.
The time and space continuum, is but a fleeting illusion of the quantum mind.

* * * *

Likely little or nothing of your dreamtime matters to anyone but You.
All your experiences, all your insights, all your sentiments, all your passions,
Mean squat to any other, in comparison to the attachment, You bear towards them.

* * * *

Nationalism, patriotism, jingoism, chauvinism, prejudice, xenophobia,
Are really nothing more than humankind's seemingly genetic predisposition,
Towards the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric groupthink dynamic.
As narrow-minded, closed-minded, insular, provincial, parochial, as imagination deigns.

* * * *

Across the human paradigm, derogatory comments about others,
Friends and strangers and enemies alike, is a most common trait.

* * * *

For most every problem, there is most likely one solution, if not several.
Perceived clearly, the most logical resolution or resolutions,
Will more than likely become apparent.

* * * *

What is the most priceless thing You can imagine?
And will, what is priceless today, be so tomorrow?

* * * *

There are always problems that need resolution.
The trick is to meet them directly, clearly, pragmatically,
With a mind that is open to the best solution in the given moment.

The less bother, the less drama, the better for all concerned.

* * * *

It is more than likely every other life form in this quantum garden,
Lives in the ever-present, unborn-undying awareness,
More than the most awakened sage.

* * * *

Winning and losing are but states of mind, adjustments in attitude.
Play any competition hard and well; always give it your best.
Winning gracefully, losing gracefully, is an art of its own.

* * * *

Are the many, who live fully in their thoughts, really alive?
Or are they but the walking dead, only imagining existence?

* * * *

The sensory mind hungers every moment for the cosmos it creates.
Only an austere-ascetic-frugal self-discipline, can hold the beast at bay.

* * * *

Regarding the genomic commonalities, the inherent behaviors of the human psyche:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
It is delusion for any individual, any group, any culture,
To believe itself in any way grander or superior to any other.

* * * *

Why would it really matter whether anyone ever thinks about You, whether anyone cares about You?
The reality, harsh as it may seem, is that You are timelessly, indivisibly alone.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

No matter the culture, the geography, the time,
Every human being is subject to the same Seven Deadly Sins.
Pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth, are all potential in any mind.
To have the insight, the discipline, to keep them reigned in, to hold them in check, to keep them at bay,
To play them out as rationally, as temperately, as soberly, as judiciously, as ascetically,
As moderately as possible, is an every-moment challenge for all.

* * * *

From the first man, the first woman,
Nothing more than physics and chemistry and biology,
Orchestrating ever-present in the epochs of the given imaginary context.

* * * *

No history is ever exactly, what we imagine, what we translate, it to be,
And certainly not close to anything, even the most well-intentioned screenwriter,
Can bundle into a two-hour movie, a ten-hour documentary,

Or even a long-running mini-series.

* * * *

Life is a convoluted dream: Why should You not be convoluted dreamer?
Why should You be bound by any precept or principle, any theory or formula,
Any rule or law, any decree or edict, any order or directive, any concept or notion?
Why should You be obligated to any human-made mind-gorp, whatsoever?

* * * *

No one can change their fate, their destiny, their kismet, their luck, their doom.
All attempts are naught but what it is, kaleidoscoping into what it will be.
What it was, has ever been, will ever be, since the dawn of Creation.

* * * *

Every day the one-percenters and their underlings,
Diligently, greedily, voraciously, gluttonously labor,
To add yet another zero to their little piles of sand.

* * * *

Alas to all the migrants and refugees and homeless and countless other disenfranchise souls.
Tough being on the short end of the stick in this so-called civilized, road-to-perdition madhouse.
The one-percenters and their underlings have never given a rat's derrière for the tormented underclass.
They have always manipulated and enslaved the less potent folk to their own ends, and always will.
Revolutions and civil wars and assassinations, only put new masks on the same underlying greed.

* * * *

Discern directly what any given thinker says or writes.
Do not give great weight to middlemen and groupies.

* * * *

What makes anyone so beyond-an-iota-of-doubt-sure,
That anything ever really happened the way they arbitrarily perceived it?
And if perchance there is an objective, impartial truth, who or what can ever be witness to it?
Is it even the slightest bit possible for there to be an unbiased, impartial observer,
Without one relative, subjective, judgmental rendition or another?

* * * *

What is this great fear, this great dread,
That harbors ever-humming in this mammalian frame,
But the genomic pulse, the instinctive craving, the conscious obsession,
The ceaseless quest, the endless pursuit of unfeasible-unreachable-unattainable security,
That is never long-satisfied, never long at ease, no matter how we feed it?
Consciousness ever-tormented to churn on and on and on.

* * * *

Science is intuition, supported by experiments, by measurements, that can be duplicated.
Intuition alone, well, that is the matter of mystics, sitting in ashrams, staring at walls,
And unassuming observers, singing around campfires, drinking whisky and wine.

And occasionally, scientists, on wanders, musing with nary a gadget in hand.

* * * *

What curious things, sensory-inspired perceptions are.
Given so much credence, despite being entirely born up the wings of imagination.
Stories all, to whatever end, only imagination cares.

* * * *

Why would You ever presume that your awareness, your operating system, your source code,
Is any different, any greater, any lesser, than that of any other living life form small to great?
You are not superior or inferior to anything in this inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery.

* * * *

What is your calling, your vocation, your passion,
But whatever, given every thinkable, every possible option,
You would first and foremost, at least part of every day, choose to do.

* * * *

Without life, is there death?
Without good, is there evil?
Without light, is there dark?
Without white, is there black?
Without ecstasy, is there agony?
Without right, is there wrong?
Without love, is there hate?
Without yes, is there no?
Without either, is there or?
What is duality but a menagerie,
Of an all but infinite array of possibilities,
In which all dreams of consciousness dance their dance.

* * * *

Ambition, naked or well-cloaked, can be more savage than the most ferocious beast.
At least the beast stops until its corporeal hunger gives rise to the next chase.
Human hunger, the insatiable craving of consciousness, never sleeps.

* * * *

Your body, if it is your body, why is it always changing?
Where was it before You were born? Where will it be after You die?
And while in it, have You ever really been anything more than solitary witness,
To a boggling, sensory-inspired, ever-present, quickly-passing dream?
We call it space, we call it time, we call it real, we call it true,
But is it all any more than a dubious assumption?

* * * *

Everyone, everywhere, to whatever degree they can muster,
Investigates physics and chemistry and biology in their own unique way.
Some may well be more perceptive, more accurate, in their observations than others,

But all, right or wrong or indifferent, have their conclusions,
And play out their existence accordingly.

* * * *

We are all mad, each in our own unique way.
Any given normal is but capricious collusion.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is a mighty huge, relatively unknowable mystery,
Despite all scientific and mathematical and religious and philosophical and mystical,
And every other subjective and piecemeal investigation and assumption, to the contrary.

* * * *

How long can You shop and gorge your way,
Out of depression and dissatisfaction and boredom?
Consumption is a distraction, not a solution.

* * * *

This spinning orb has been usurped by psychopaths, sociopaths, narcissists, and sundry miscreants.
The more innocuous, less invasive folk, abide the heart-breaking absurdities as best as they can,
Growing gardens, taking long walks, and staring at walls in coffee shops, bars, and ashrams.

* * * *

History is woven into every language.
The dead reign from the graves of mind.
From the dusty realms at imagination's end.

* * * *

What is this need, this monkey-mind drive, so many have,
To be on stage, to have others moving and swaying to their narcissism?
This deep longing for others to applaud them, to follow them, to mimic their delusion.
Why should, why would, how could, anyone travel the same direction, in the same manner as You?

* * * *

Duality's menagerie is required for this dream,
To play its play, dance its dance, sing its song.

* * * *

Friends in low places.
Friends in high places.
Friends in the between.
What difference, really?

* * * *

Destiny is all, all is destiny.
Naught but a blink, a blip, a flash, a pfft, in all eternity.
Whatever that is, or is not.

* * * *

Knowing and unknowing, what difference to the timeless clarity of pure awareness?
Whether cloudy or clear, the skies are ever untouched by the trammels of consciousness.
Yes, your apparatus is perhaps more complex, your consciousness, your mind, more adroit,
But the essential awareness can be no different across any and all universes,
Or even the inexplicable dimensions beyond all beyonds.

* * * *

No doubt that You are brilliant in the light of your own singularity.
Alas that others cast so many shadows of relativity upon your vanity.

* * * *

Retirement is a don't-worry-be-happy state of mind.
How many who manage to depart the working world,
Do it well, even if they have all the money in the world?

* * * *

Ultimate truth, ultimate reality, whatever it is, whatever it is not,
Can never be ascertained through any means by the dream of consciousness.
All the perceptions, all the assumptions, that have ever played out in this quantum theater,
Are naught but an ever-momentary, ever-intangible, ever-relative, burst of imagination in awareness.

* * * *

All those now living, now abiding this desecrated world, will relatively soon be dead and forever gone.
What we all thought and did, about and to each other, what we all assumed real and true,
Will not matter even one scintilla to anyone but a relatively few academics,
And other accumulators of all things absurd and monotonous.
Assuming, of course, anyone manages to survive,
The dream we are bequeathing.

Soundbites

Regarding the mystery, You will never really know more than You did the moment You were conceived.

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence that witnesses, that abides, any quantum context.

* * * *

All creation is the happenstance of happenchance.

* * * *

The heart of awareness is the release of space and time with a full breath and an attentive mind.

* * * *

No point speculating if You have the truth right in front of You.

* * * *

What would normal be if there were such a thing?

* * * *

What is wealth but a state of mind?

* * * *

You are the mystery of awareness, peering out into a sensory mirage.

* * * *

Life arises, life subsides, 'tis the way.

* * * *

Strategies change, tactics change, stay flexible, stay strong.

* * * *

Deeper and deeper, stiller and stiller.

* * * *

No news would be news.

* * * *

Take away the vanity, and what have You got?

* * * *

Vanity is attachment to the quantum theater; the personal usurping the indivisible.

* * * *

How this awareness came to be can never be known.

* * * *

The usual vanities.

* * * *

Any language, any concept, is just noise, to mind without ear for it.

* * * *

How dulling the prescribed life.

* * * *

At what point does the journey that got You here no longer matter?

* * * *

It may be covered with cement and asphalt and plastic and glass, but it is still a jungle.

* * * *

Trust nothing until You prove it to yourself.

* * * *

As if it all never happened.

* * * *

All tagged and getting driven further down the chute.

* * * *

What is any universe but a mind and five senses imagining it so.

* * * *

What is the point of lying about truth anymore?

* * * *

Until the next time.

* * * *

What version of normal is that?

* * * *

Nothing exists.

* * * *

If You must hope for something, hope for a quick and unexpected and painless death.

* * * *

Remember who-what-where-when-why-how You are not.

* * * *

Some things are facts, others, opinions; discerning the difference is the art of critical thinking.

* * * *

The list of all the things not to care about include everything.

* * * *

Shit has its useful moments.

* * * *

So many praying to the screen in their palms.

* * * *

Yet another afterthought.

* * * *

One of the more peculiar things about humankind is its ability to delude itself about almost anything.

* * * *

What squat does feeling sorry for yourself ever achieve?

* * * *

Drowning in details.

* * * *

What makes You so sure You really know what You think You know?

* * * *

All assumptions are dubious.

* * * *

Every rose fades.

* * * *

Not everyone wants to play the stupid game.

* * * *

Half-baked inquiry makes for good followers.

* * * *

How quickly history fades.

* * * *

Be content to let it remain a mystery.

* * * *

What might or might not be, will have to wait for You to arrive.

* * * *

Wander the relativity.

* * * *

“Poor me” is not a very viable strategy.

* * * *

Leaping and frogging every which way.

* * * *

In this world, but not of it, or in this world, and of it, what difference, really?

* * * *

The abeyance of surrender is not without consequences.

* * * *

State of mind is all.

* * * *

Imagination is the guardian of the finite.

* * * *

Hope is what You make it.

* * * *

Nature is not here to entertain You.

* * * *

Awareness is without attachment.

* * * *

Assertions mean nothing.

* * * *

How can You be anywhere but where the tire hits the road?

* * * *

What a joke.

* * * *

It is that kind of mystery.

* * * *

The outcome of poor critical thinking skills is laziness and imitation.

* * * *

We are all just actors here; only the rarest not believing their parts real.

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be sculpted into a lie?

* * * *

Those who see cannot be stopped from seeing, though they can be burned and ground into dust.

* * * *

A dream to which we have in ignorance submitted.

* * * *

To be without anticipation or expectation, what a challenge.

* * * *

The laws of physics for no being suspend.

* * * *

Travesties of justice are an innate par for the human species at every level.

* * * *

The realms of sages and fools are not necessarily far apart.

* * * *

Goals pull one forward in time; to be without them is to dally in the present.

* * * *

Name that hunger.

* * * *

Sometimes You will see things more clearly if You step back for a bit.

* * * *

The cosmos You knew a moment ago no longer exists.

* * * *

Has any other species ever even been capable of hypocrisy, much less inanely predisposed?

* * * *

Such is the hollow nature of vanity.

* * * *

What differences are there, really, but those projected by the given quantum mind.

* * * *

Nothing stays like it used to be.

* * * *

You are an ever-changing dynamic of genomes, of instincts, upon which consciousness cavorts.

* * * *

If You cannot discern heaven now, what makes You believe You will deserve it later?

* * * *

The mind is not made tranquil through conflict or struggle.

* * * *

There goes the Ivory Tower talking through its hat again.

* * * *

And You are normal enough to judge who?

* * * *

Feed them and they shall come, and stay.

* * * *

Our greatest loyalty is to our tongue.

* * * *

Cultivate the unknown, cultivate wonder, cultivate bliss.

* * * *

Attachment is all.

* * * *

Assume the universe, and voilà!

* * * *

Complete and utter solitude is the way.

* * * *

The call to duty can twist and turn down many a long and winding rabbit hole.

* * * *

Naming anything is to embrace illusion.

* * * *

Are You anything more than a means for the one-percenters to add more coin to their pile?

* * * *

What was before before? What is after after?

* * * *

How quickly that gourmet meal turns to shit and piss.

* * * *

Welcome to Zombieworld.

* * * *

What torture will the mind-body come up with this day?

* * * *

Name that flag.

* * * *

Instinct slathered with consciousness.

* * * *

Have at it.

* * * *

To be alone, or not to be alone, that is the question.

* * * *

Value is a function of context.

* * * *

The unknown is, well, unknown.

* * * *

Are there words for You and me? What difference, really?

* * * *

How can the cosmic dance be appreciated by a mind that does not know how to dance?

* * * *

Instinct is the operating system upon which all culture is founded.

* * * *

The mind is a quantum screen upon which time and space play their illusion.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is, but is it, really?

* * * *

The tiger does not hate You; it is just hungry, and You are available.

* * * *

Moving on, always moving on.

* * * *

As nonsensical at the beginning as it will be at the end.

* * * *

When did You realize Mommy cannot really kiss it and make it better?

* * * *

Yet another lesson to be forgotten.

* * * *

Like it never happened, because it really did not.

* * * *

So many slices and dices from future well-being, sacrificed for bits and pieces of pleasure today.

* * * *

A tax deduction does not for giving make.

* * * *

Try not. Live, or live not. There is no try.

* * * *

What happens when illusion meets reality? Death while living.

* * * *

Without a witness, what point to creation?

* * * *

Erase all the storylines, and what have You got?

* * * *

You faceless wonder, You.

* * * *

Can anyone really care about You more than You do yourself?

* * * *

The science fiction that is no longer fiction.

* * * *

Friends are friends because that is enough.

* * * *

Only in timeless awareness is there freedom from the known.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness be mine or yours or theirs or any other's?

* * * *

How can You be anything but totally attentive to the indelible mystery You are?

* * * *

How has imagination so usurped your awe that You are blind to your mystery?

* * * *

The laws of physics change for no deity, son or otherwise.

* * * *

Without the mind-body, what need or use do You have for the imagined persona it has devised?

* * * *

What is life but a long stream of perceptions that add up to nothing.

* * * *

What point to any law that cannot be enforced?

* * * *

Where is the boundary between You and your universe?

* * * *

Sometimes You just have to charge on.

* * * *

Everyone has his reasons.

* * * *

What are You really saying?

* * * *

Positive attitude, negative attitude, same squat.

* * * *

Temptations abound.

* * * *

Absurdity usurped by madness.

* * * *

Had You but one eye, would You be any less blind?

* * * *

How can the true seer belong to any tribe?

* * * *

What peace can there be as long as the greed of me-myself-and-I reigns.

* * * *

Nothing is important; nothing is not important.

* * * *

Save your Self.

* * * *

Despite being round, the world is very flat, even at its peak.

* * * *

An imagined rendition of an assumed reality.

* * * *

What death will it be this time?

* * * *

The prophet of doom may finally be worth heeding.

* * * *

Bask in irony and paradox.

* * * *

Bodily fluids, is what it is all about, within and without.

* * * *

What is identity but a lifelong habit?

* * * *

How mistaken humankind is to believe itself so intelligent.

* * * *

Every earthling has its rhyme, every earthling has its reason.

* * * *

Who better to take your life than yours truly.

* * * *

Imagine it so.

* * * *

To choose, or not to choose, that is the question.

* * * *

Natural science, biology, chemistry, physics, all one in the same, slicing the pie with different lenses.

* * * *

How many children's memories of their parents will be of them staring into a phone screen?

* * * *

Nature has no story; nature is the story.

* * * *

Get the gist.

* * * *

What need for belief? Attend the moment.

* * * *

Vanity is the yoke to which humankind daily harnesses.

* * * *

What is time but a function of memory cells, make-believing perceptions more than a mirage.

* * * *

Forget everything? Easier said than done.

* * * *

Greed is the great unifier.

* * * *

The mind is a harbor of delusion.

* * * *

Another day in the collusion-delusion-illusion.

* * * *

Slicing pies with different lenses.

* * * *

Awareness is all; to give it any name is meaningless.

* * * *

Winning, losing, what is that but vanity in spades.

* * * *

Blood may be thicker than water, but it ain't that much thicker.

* * * *

Wisdom is the paradise of sages, and the bane of fools.

* * * *

Where is this Me, this Myself, this I, to which imagination is so attached?

* * * *

Where would You be if You had resisted playing out that moment that way?

* * * *

All measurement means squat to the immeasurable.

* * * *

You know the revolution is lost when You hear it playing on an elevator.

* * * *

Every dream a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

Awareness is the sentence; quantum, the vehicle that allows perception.

* * * *

Pretty hard to measure nothing.

* * * *

Desire is ever seeking something to latch onto.

* * * *

Life, gift or curse, You decide.

* * * *

To what ends, what end, will imagination go?

* * * *

Imagination is the rainbow of the mind.

* * * *

Not probable, but possible.

* * * *

Go away.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all.

* * * *

Where is the Me, where is the Myself, where is the I, to which You so steadfastly cling?

* * * *

You see an identity; the sage, eternity.

* * * *

You want a better world? Try stopping.

* * * *

Truly content? Lucky You.

* * * *

Who are You without the hunger for more?

* * * *

You do not have to be a genius to know which way the wind blows.

* * * *

Vanity is the operating principle.

* * * *

Who likes a turncoat?

* * * *

You were born once, if that.

* * * *

Forever is a long day.

* * * *

No arguing with physics.

* * * *

Desire is ever fondling its imaginary self.

* * * *

Misery loves company.

* * * *

Another feng shui moment.

* * * *

Heed the call.

* * * *

Vanity rules.

* * * *

All You want is naught but illusion.

* * * *

The good news is that the news is not real, never has been, never will be.

* * * *

Cattle lining up in the chute; mayhem and slaughter ahead.

* * * *

No guarantees.

* * * *

Reality never sleeps.

* * * *

The Me, the Myself, the I, is nothing more than the pretend of imagination.

* * * *

The usurpers will use any means to blind You, deceive You, into believing their way true.

* * * *

Why waste your time believing anything? Stand alone, be free.

* * * *

Neither he nor she nor it, the mystery is.

* * * *

You did not ask to be here, why pray to be staying?

* * * *

Build it, and they will mind.

* * * *

What world will all those children in the day cares and playgrounds live in?

* * * *

What else do You not need?

* * * *

The world of humankind has achieved perfect incoherence.

* * * *

We all have our way.

* * * *

How endless the weavings of imagination.

* * * *

It has always been these modern times.

* * * *

Extrapolate into infinity, or at least as far as You can.

* * * *

Oh, faceless one, what will You leave us this time?

* * * *

Maybe he will want You, maybe she will want You, or You could just get a dog.

* * * *

Let us all sit on the tracks, staring into our screens, as the train bears down upon us.

* * * *

Is it all just words, or have You really owned it?

* * * *

Capitalize nothing.

* * * *

Every mind a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

Knowledge may be power, but ignorance ain't no slouch.

* * * *

Revere it all, mock it all, no matter.

* * * *

Is anything real and true without the weight of your acquiescence?

* * * *

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off, it's off, we go.

* * * *

History is chock-full of lies.

* * * *

Wisdom cannot be transmitted; it is earned, not learned.

* * * *

When will You embrace the mystery You are?

* * * *

Despite all You think, You really are quite anonymous.

* * * *

What are You but a consequence of natural selection; naught but a Darwinian dream.

* * * *

There is only one law, and its judge, its jury, its executioner, is nature.

* * * *

What is truth, what is not truth, but a flicker of imagination.

* * * *

What will You be witness to this day?

* * * *

Dogma is for those who cannot stand alone.

* * * *

It can be a good thing for people to face their addiction to entitlement.

* * * *

Do You rush or saunter into the future?

* * * *

What is the mind but a window to now.

* * * *

What matter, matter?

* * * *

There is nothing personal about the impersonal but You.

* * * *

What is calling You right now?

* * * *

How challenging not to judge.

* * * *

It does not have to matter.

* * * *

The human drama is about incessant movement.

* * * *

Looks like the Reaper is somewhere else today.

* * * *

Try not to make promises You neither can nor intend to keep.

* * * *

Quantum is to awareness what clouds are to the sky.

* * * *

The quest for reality, who can tell where it begins, where it ends, or if it is even happening at all.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all attachment, and the suffering that results.

* * * *

Habit rules the undiscerning mind.

* * * *

Quantum rock, quantum paper, quantum scissors.

* * * *

Lying to your Self again, eh?

* * * *

Freedom? What bother to have ever believed You were not.

* * * *

It is a DNA thing.

* * * *

Self-absorption blinds us all, plagues us all.

* * * *

And what is it You are measuring anyway, but the imagination imagining You?

* * * *

More joy ahead.

* * * *

To travelers, safe journey, happy lives.

* * * *

True friendship is free of conditions, as is true love of the agape variety.

* * * *

So much to look forward to.

* * * *

Let the sun shine in.

* * * *

Performing for an empty theater from an empty stage.

* * * *

Awareness is the only thing one might say exists, and it does not, either.

* * * *

Think, exist.

* * * *

Envision a dystopian future with packs of fanged rat dogs dominating the landscape.

* * * *

Try not to make everything about You.

* * * *

The constraints of language are many and more.

* * * *

Another sad song that ain't that sad.

* * * *

Any obligation to the world, to the other, is your own choice.

* * * *

And the world wags on.

* * * *

Assume nothing, assert nothing.

* * * *

Extinction is really the only remedy to our narcissistic arrogance.

* * * *

Union is awareness, pure and free of all attributes known or otherwise.

* * * *

Snake oil sells.

* * * *

A reflection of the current time.

* * * *

Yoga is ultimately about samadhi, about union with the divine; what's your yoga?

* * * *

You only think You exist.

* * * *

All your lies will die with You.

* * * *

This cannot be taught: Try not. See, or do not. There is no try.

* * * *

What is any language but layers of history, of culture, interwoven into its ever-changing nature.

* * * *

Three eyes; two for the world, the third for eternity.

* * * *

Yet another story that will not get its telling.

* * * *

What vanity can there be in the eternal timelessness of awareness?

* * * *

Cannot stay clean in a muddy stream.

* * * *

The difference between me and You is imaginary.

* * * *

What will the poor and hungry do when they are really poor and hungry?

* * * *

Not going to be pretty, of that we can be sure.

* * * *

There You are.

* * * *

The never-ending story of absurdity infinitum.

* * * *

How can the awareness at every point of your ever-changing existence not be the same?

* * * *

There really is no point but for the vanity of imagination.

* * * *

All patterns have been wrought by natural selections beyond counting.

* * * *

The laws of physics can only be broken by imagination.

* * * *

For there to be good science, there must first be a good question.

* * * *

There You go again, thinking your life away; how challenging to savor the given instant.

* * * *

Greed, the insatiable drive for more-more-more, is the source of all addiction.

* * * *

Religion is an opiate for the masses; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Where are You this fine moment?

* * * *

Let go the many-faced other if You wish to be free.

* * * *

You are never as free as when You are anonymously alone, naught but pure awareness.

* * * *

You are a bubble of consciousness permeated by awareness.

* * * *

Is it true or just something You want to believe?

* * * *

It seemed important then.

* * * *

Greed will out.

* * * *

What memory serves tells the story within all.

* * * *

Are science and technology and art any more than by-products of politics and war?

* * * *

History is always unfolding the same way any given different day.

* * * *

Pleasure is the absence of pain and bother.

* * * *

Garçon! Another round of groupthink bullshit, please.

* * * *

Another day of boggling underway.

* * * *

The challenge of time management is having time to manage it.

* * * *

You are not the mind, You are not the body.

* * * *

A waste of time? Or awareness?

* * * *

How likely is it that anyone's last thoughts will be about You?

* * * *

There You go again, thinking You can somehow make the eternal awareness move any faster or slower.

* * * *

We are all our own version of normal; some more functional than others.

* * * *

Just another of the ceaseless array of boggling inanities in this our world.

* * * *

The freedom of aloneness is the supreme state.

* * * *

You know what You are going to say; why not give it a rest?

* * * *

Try not to get in the way of trainwrecks.

* * * *

Tyranny has many faces.

* * * *

What peace, total aloneness.

* * * *

Another in the long and growing list of bothers the future will have to manage without us.

* * * *

All is true, and nothing, as well.

* * * *

It is really nothing at all.

* * * *

Are You any more real than any man in the moon?

* * * *

Nothing is ever true.

* * * *

Right here, right now, always right here, right now.

* * * *

A mind divided against its Self is but gratuitous commotion.

* * * *

There ain't no more.

* * * *

You are eternity.

* * * *

Much ado about nothing, indeed.

* * * *

The consequences of being You slowly become self-evident.

* * * *

Do You really know any more than the nature-nurture of your quantum dream allows?

* * * *

Unclench the mind to free up the conditioning; discern the relativity of consciousness.

* * * *

Be content; reward they mind-body with a few deep breaths.

* * * *

The subtlety of subtlety is subtle.

* * * *

As hallowed as any garbage dump deserves to be.

* * * *

The price You pay for the blend of narcissism and hedonism You play is called consciousness.

* * * *

The will to achieve, to become, runs deep in the human psyche.

* * * *

Irreverence is the spice of life.

* * * *

Because it calls You, because it amuses You.

* * * *

An audience of one.

* * * *

The eve of the next dark age is unfolding.

* * * *

Humankind is but a ceaseless stream of stories destined to be forgotten.

* * * *

In everything, eternity.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are an indivisible dynamic.

* * * *

To be inwardly free, You must let go all the concepts that rule your mind.

* * * *

Proceed as You will.

* * * *

As if You had never seen it so clearly before.

* * * *

Is it about You expanding into eternity, or eternity downsizing into You?

* * * *

Indolence has its peace.

* * * *

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, tell her lies or she will break You.

* * * *

What need for a stage when You are your favorite audience.

* * * *

How can You cling to the timeless awareness when it is but an intangible, ephemeral, thingless state?

* * * *

Sometimes a large wave consumes You, sometimes a small one, fate is like that.

* * * *

Being fully in the moment, what more can You ask, what more can You offer?

* * * *

Is more ever enough for our kind?

* * * *

Discern and be the whole mind, as clear as a sky free of clouds.

* * * *

Every loop has its fate.

* * * *

Is it about free will, or being free of will?

* * * *

To wake up and not incessantly rebuild the loop, that is the daily Sisyphean challenge.

* * * *

Does true Self exist?

* * * *

We are all of the same Monkey; which monkey You choose to play is that which sculpts your fate.

* * * *

What makes You so sure your real name is real?

* * * *

Welcome to Schmuck World.

* * * *

And what was a year, again?

* * * *

The loop You live by is the loop You die by.

* * * *

The scrawl of your signature, what is that, really?

* * * *

When You find You are not paying attention, pay attention to the inattention.

* * * *

So play it well.

* * * *

Watch the mind very closely and it will still itself.

* * * *

Attention is the peacemaker.

* * * *

Why would anybody ever fully trust anybody who either wants their dollar or their vote?

* * * *

The hoity-toity imbibe a false inflation all their own.

* * * *

Are You seriously going to drag all that shit around with You for the rest of your existence?

* * * *

Amuse yourself however You will, it is, after all is said and done, but a dream born of mind.

* * * *

There is no more but what the craving of imagination concocts.

* * * *

Is free will really anything more than self-deception?

* * * *

Life is meditation, at least for some of us.

* * * *

All stars die.

* * * *

So few things matter as to include everything.

* * * *

Claiming this or that, what does it mean, really?

* * * *

This is the only moment that has ever been.

* * * *

We have all played our part, none more important than any other.

* * * *

Law-abiding when it suits You.

* * * *

Does anything get made like it used to?

* * * *

The road to perdition is paved by many flights of imagination.

* * * *

The mind is ever rebuilding its imaginary universe.

* * * *

Why would it ever matter to the awareness what You do?

* * * *

Everybody is playing out their version of normal.

* * * *

It went thataway.

* * * *

Suffering is the impetus for Self discovery.

* * * *

How could You have seen it any other way?

* * * *

You are under no obligation to want anything life offers.

* * * *

Time is the enemy.

* * * *

Three thumbs up, three thumb down, what difference, really?

* * * *

Free will is a dubious notion.

* * * *

A little patience can keep You alive.

* * * *

How many zeroes to find that number, large or small?

* * * *

Breath in the peace, the tranquility, the serenity; breathe out the same.

* * * *

What is one more death?

* * * *

Ibidem, forever and a day.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery; be content with that.

* * * *

On saying no to vanity, just do it.

* * * *

Try not to make the mistake of making your imaginary god or gods as vain and petty as You.

* * * *

All them ghosts sure do love their haunting.

* * * *

Death is the emancipation.

* * * *

The universe is born anew each and every instant, as are You.

* * * *

So many things You do not need to know.

* * * *

Why give your Self over to any speculation?

* * * *

The real You, is born and unborn every instant.

* * * *

In the end it will not matter, nor did it from the beginning, either.

* * * *

Hand in hand in all the desire and fear, the loneliness.

* * * *

What an incredibly incremental process natural selection has taken to create all this.

* * * *

It has always been, will ever be, this same awareness timelessly being.

* * * *

In every mind imagination weaves a dream to which it holds until its dying day.

* * * *

What cannot be discerned cannot be destroyed.

* * * *

Always sad when people think highly of themselves for no substantial reason.

* * * *

You cannot attest to things You do not know.

* * * *

Memories so vague and inaccurate as to not warrant the bother of remembering them.

* * * *

Death will come on a day like any other day.

* * * *

The touch of vanity infects the human genome.

* * * *

What is your gift?

* * * *

You are your own experiment.

* * * *

The closest humankind will ever get to space travel is through science fiction.

* * * *

Why pretend to know what You cannot?

* * * *

The seething greed machine hums away yet another day.

* * * *

Like it or no, we all move on and on and on, until there ain't no on.

* * * *

Pathetic is the kindest word for it.

* * * *

Power collides.

* * * *

Dreams passing in the night.

* * * *

Catch the irony and paradox when someone says it is all about You.

* * * *

A collusion of consciousness.

* * * *

There it is, what it is.

* * * *

Another day, same old crap.

* * * *

Awareness is what it is; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

.22 bait.

* * * *

How related all differences.

* * * *

What would it be to be a master of detachment?

* * * *

Let go the imaginary universe in your weary head, at least once in a while.

* * * *

Forget everything? Easier said than done.

* * * *

There are consequences when truth speaks to power.

* * * *

Is this really the best we can do?

* * * *

Shopping is like wandering spider webs.

* * * *

That world no longer exists.

* * * *

You are already dead; just do not know when or how.

* * * *

Flowers were born to entice; it is a Darwinian strategy.

* * * *

For those forever pursuing the ultimate answer, here it is: There is no ultimate answer.

* * * *

Imagination will never find any truth that is not imaginary.

* * * *

A busy mind is its own miasma.

* * * *

The issue is not the weapon; the issue is the mind that wields the weapon.

* * * *

There is no fear in the moment, in the awareness; only in imagination.

* * * *

Madness across the board; the definition of cancer.

* * * *

To not care is to be free.

* * * *

The hunger that never ceases.

* * * *

You know enough to know there is so much more to know, and so much more to not know, as well.

* * * *

As if You have to prove anything to anyone.

* * * *

Philosophers are among Mother Nature's most indolent, impractical creations.

* * * *

As if anything means anything.

* * * *

What has any point ever been but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Too bound by tribal notion to discern that which is without affiliation.

* * * *

So many shoulda-coulda-wouldas.

* * * *

It is what You do, not what You say, that counts.

* * * *

The usurpers always find ways to pervert the best intentions with one toll booth or another.

* * * *

What is all knowledge, all experience, but imagination playing itself real.

* * * *

Can You really remember more than traces of perception?

* * * *

Solution? To what?

* * * *

Life is waiting even while You are doing; doing even while You are waiting.

* * * *

The body is every moment never the same; the body is every moment exactly the same.

* * * *

The ever-expanding box.

* * * *

The Earth's crust will reek of human scar tissue for a long, long time.

* * * *

A busy mind is its own miasma.

* * * *

A sloth has more meaning and purpose than a philosopher.

* * * *

Time is an imaginary construct, a collusion to which only humankind religiously adheres.

* * * *

Your universe is as small as it is big.

* * * *

Yet another flight of imagination.

* * * *

It is all one; what more do You want it to be?

* * * *

Still that mind and what have You got.

* * * *

Why waster words of insight on fools whose actions only bring about further disarray?

* * * *

It is up to You to be indivisibly free; nobody else really cares one way or another.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain, one is not without the other.

* * * *

People move on, as do You.

* * * *

More lip service to corruption.

* * * *

Yet another line in the sand.

* * * *

To want more than the moment, is to fear its immediacy.

* * * *

Facades all.

* * * *

It was never about You.

* * * *

The mortal frame is owned and operated by no one.

* * * *

Recognition is after the fact.

* * * *

Remember what?

* * * *

The only real war is imaginary self versus true Self, and little self must lose to win.

* * * *

Enough education to know better.

* * * *

Did that really happen, or was it just a dream? What difference, really?

* * * *

The moment is instantaneous and true.

* * * *

Big is relative to what?

* * * *

Yet another day of agony and ecstasy underway.

* * * *

Just when You start lulling yourself into believing absurdity cannot possibly get any more absurd ...

* * * *

When the entire universe is but a speck in your awareness, You will be You.

* * * *

To see the consequences, the ripples of any action, can be both blessing and curse.

* * * *

It sounded good until it did not.

* * * *

There is true Self, and there is imaginary self; which are You right now?

* * * *

Some serve heaven, some hell, some both; states of mind only attachment knows.

* * * *

One day, nothing came knocking; if nothing can knock, that is.

* * * *

Dust knows no bounds.

* * * *

Grappling with existence every day in every conceivable way.

* * * *

There are no happy endings.

* * * *

Never doubt your equality to all.

* * * *

So far beyond turning it around as to make it ludicrous to even bother about it.

* * * *

Nothing is what it seems.

* * * *

The trick is to not believe your own propaganda.

* * * *

Whistleblowers are often more loyal to the mission than its leaders.

* * * *

How can there be an ending without a beginning?

* * * *

Shades of so it goes.

* * * *

So much propaganda as to wonder if there is any truth to muster.

* * * *

Yet another non-essential factoid for history to quickly forget.

* * * *

Feminine mystique? More like feminine fallacy.

* * * *

Mind full, mind empty, mind divided, mind united, desire and fear the ties that bind.

* * * *

A different sort of hunger.

* * * *

Life is in the living: timeless, indivisible, immortally ever-present,

* * * *

Right here, right now.

* * * *

Be they heaven or hell or the purgatory between, all politics are local.

* * * *

Is that what is going on, or what You imagine is going on?

* * * *

Yet another nuance.

* * * *

Truth stands alone, indivisibly timeless.

* * * *

Turning the inner eye inward, that is the trick.

* * * *

How quickly a sound bite can sway the mob.

* * * *

Forget yourself before history does.

* * * *

All that desire, all that fear, why cling to it?

* * * *

Even more bad boy, even more bad girl.

* * * *

Pure mind is real mind.

* * * *

Embrace the truth every moment You discern it.

* * * *

Life can be harsh, life can be kind; fate has no preference.

* * * *

Be the awareness, be the attention.

* * * *

Do not confuse who You play with what You are and are not.

* * * *

Neither alive nor dead, You are.

* * * *

No such thing as wasting time; how can You waste that which does not exist?

* * * *

Yesterday and today and tomorrow are all the same future-past.

* * * *

What care the sands of time?

* * * *

Truth is a love-hate-embrace-endure relationship.

* * * *

Future-past is in each and every moment as it happens in the awareness of consciousness.

* * * *

Dive into the abyss of aloneness, and know the indelible peace of Self.

* * * *

Understand and forget ... understand and forget ... understand and forget ... et cetera, et cetera ...

* * * *

The future is packs of rat dogs howling at the moon.

* * * *

Gaia interrupted.

* * * *

No matter how many gazillions of things imagination might imagine, it is still just imagination.

* * * *

Some people get good press.

* * * *

Must we all be obscenely obese before we get a handle on our incessant hunger?

* * * *

The sounds of nature are without peer.

* * * *

Carbs in, carbs out.

* * * *

Leave it to scholars and experts to leave no nuance behind.

* * * *

Free will looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Dangity-bangity.

* * * *

The mind is always hungry for more, more, more.

* * * *

Is anyone really any more than a frame of reference playing its record over and over?

* * * *

Yes, You are terribly, wonderfully, very much all alone.

* * * *

Hooked, lined, and sinkered.

* * * *

In the dark places, the demons rally.

* * * *

You are one of a kind, kiddo, one of a kind, as is everybody and everything else.

* * * *

What is any mind but a reflection of perception.

* * * *

Pretending sentence is not sentence.

* * * *

How many can even more than guess what is coming at them?

* * * *

Unintended consequences are inevitable facets of cause and effect.

* * * *

All your DNA cares about is that You keep it rolling, and if You do not, oh well.

* * * *

Self has no story; his, hers, or otherwise.

* * * *

Another demonstration, another petition, another lawsuit, ho-hum.

* * * *

So much in so many young minds, and little frame of reference to process it.

* * * *

Cast out the demons born of imagination.

* * * *

The dread and the joy, the agony and the ecstasy, such as it is.

* * * *

Some of the best times are done with so little.

* * * *

It is all conceived of stillness.

* * * *

Huh!?

* * * *

Different monkey, same mind.

* * * *

What You but is how You really vote.

* * * *

We are all wandering the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

What absurdities and horrors will the future hold that the world has never witnessed.

* * * *

Yet another case of unintended consequences.

* * * *

Piece is within if You let it.

* * * *

Sometimes it is best not to wait for permission.

* * * *

More of the not so bright sort.

* * * *

Love or hate, win or lose, believe or not, it will all soon be over.

* * * *

What quantum wants, quantum gets.

* * * *

Did You plan this!?

* * * *

Even the mundane can be an adventure.

* * * *

How did life begin, is yet another question that will never be answered.

* * * *

The young always learn as You did, as necessity calls.

* * * *

Anybody's speculation is no better or worse, right or wrong, real or unreal, than any other.

* * * *

From the ultimate view, the real You really did not do any of it.

* * * *

If the body must die, then why would You not want to choose the means?

* * * *

So alone as to be soul witness.

* * * *

The frame of reference is the fertilizer of existence.

* * * *

The scarcity of gifts is far more likely appreciated than the glut quickly forgotten.

* * * *

This is what it all boils down to: There is only You, all alone, imagining it all.

* * * *

When it comes to religion, why settle for any human concoction?

* * * *

To question, or not to question, that is the question.

* * * *

This world streams into this world into this world into this world into ...

* * * *

Real spacemen are artists at spinning into new orbits.

* * * *

Though the eye may be called by ten thousand names, it is still the same eye.

* * * *

What inanity today?

* * * *

What need for knowledge when You are the knowing, knowing all.

* * * *

Fear born of desire, desire born of fear, ebbing and flowing, flowing and ebbing.

* * * *

Deciding, always deciding.

* * * *

The garden has always streamed on just fine and dandy with or without You.

* * * *

Choosing, always choosing.

* * * *

The time of consequences is coming.

* * * *

All genius is the quantum evolution come unto flower.

* * * *

Fear is self-made.

* * * *

If your observation does not match your belief, do You change the belief, or stop observing?

* * * *

Reconvene a relationship with nature as often as possible.

* * * *

Humankind is a species prone to delusion.

* * * *

Be wary that You do not always see what You expect to see.

* * * *

Engaged in a dream.

* * * *

Is there really anyone who does not prefer their own thoughts to those of any other?

* * * *

Look closely at the conditioning and see the relativity; none ever the same.

* * * *

Thought is finite, thought is infinite, indivisible all the while.

* * * *

Hell is infinitely divisible; heaven, infinitely indivisible.

* * * *

From patternlessness to patterning, back to patternlessness.

* * * *

We do what we want, or what we can.

* * * *

You are an organism playing out an evolutionary context in a quantum dream.

* * * *

Fear of death, fear of failure, fear of anything, makes it hard to live fully.

* * * *

May as well gorge and quaff it down; You only live once in that forever sort of way.

* * * *

The body is but a means to move energy about in every inconceivably conceivable way.

* * * *

Yet another way to suffer.

* * * *

Political correctness: Challenge it with whatever ounce of wit You can muster.

* * * *

Where is the ego in awareness?

* * * *

Imagination, the dreambaker.

* * * *

Is there anything the play of imagination will not come up with in this mortal dreamtime?

* * * *

It was in the fine print You did not read.

* * * *

Waking up is so hard to do.

* * * *

As always, the universe is an interesting dream.

* * * *

Why give over to sorrow when the key to bliss is indivisible detachment.

* * * *

Surprised it has lasted this long.

* * * *

Destroy your universe whenever You please.

* * * *

The Holy Land: What is so holy about it?

* * * *

Why would it ever ultimately matter what any of us thing of anyone or anything?

* * * *

A clear mind is an effortless mind.

* * * *

There is a special place in hell for people who believe.

* * * *

It is civilians who often pay the highest price for the rich man's war.

* * * *

Yet another cautionary tale.

* * * *

Do not rely on other stories over your own storyless tale.

* * * *

Hell is in the differences.

* * * *

There goes imagination feeling sorry for itself again.

* * * *

Prove me wrong if You can.

* * * *

Stop scaring your imaginary self.

* * * *

What a joke.

* * * *

You are the immediacy.

* * * *

It never ceases to amaze what delusions can be taken for reality.

* * * *

Every tribe has its own view, and the ground is thick with gray.

* * * *

What headlines today?

* * * *

Not all choose to remain tamed.

* * * *

How long is eternity? Not long at all, actually, nor short at all, either.

* * * *

Too much to bother about, much less remember.

* * * *

Drunk or sober, all the same.

* * * *

No matter how much they hoot and holler, nobody knows the unknown.

* * * *

Death is just erasing the delusion of illusion.

* * * *

A flurry of imagination.

* * * *

About so many things could You weep had You any tears left to spend.

* * * *

Only You can do it; You are on your own.

* * * *

Do not fear to tread where other minds have gone.

* * * *

Nothing so lofty.

* * * *

Every imaginable distraction is set before You.

* * * *

What You do is not necessarily what You imagine.

* * * *

A scarred vessel.

* * * *

No more legends, please.

* * * *

So young, and already so wacko.

* * * *

What is large but the synergy of many smalls.

* * * *

Birth, the great uproar.

* * * *

Shoulda been, coulda been, woulda been.

* * * *

Death, the great peace.

* * * *

Awareness is neither good nor evil nor any other dualistic notion; it simply is.

* * * *

That eternal thing; that eternal thingless.

* * * *

That You need to believe anything shows your lack of faith.

* * * *

There are no white hats in this game.

* * * *

If that is what You want to believe, who is anyone to tell You otherwise?

* * * *

This is what it all boils down to.

* * * *

By the time wisdom kicks in, it is usually too late.

* * * *

No imagination, no universe.

* * * *

What does the knower know but what the veil reflects.

* * * *

A life out of time.

* * * *

The predator strikes without remorse, and the prey evades for its life.

* * * *

A quantum flurry.

* * * *

Through your attention, your presence, the mystery is honored.

* * * *

It has all been nothing more than extremely believable distraction.

* * * *

The meaning of life and death? There is no meaning but the living itself, such as it is.

* * * *

You are the knowing of awareness.

* * * *

Is this really a world You would want to save, even if You could?

* * * *

You are the Lila; be the Lila.

* * * *

Who is the creator, who is the creation, if not You.

* * * *

Waft above the fray if You can.

* * * *

Tools and weapons have often been the same thing.

* * * *

You cannot even save an instant ago. Why fear life? why fear death?

* * * *

What You do not know can hurt You.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is who-what-where-when-why-how?

* * * *

This is not what You are; it is what You pretend.

* * * *

Debt is bondage.

* * * *

For those whom it fits: Instead of dreading the next moment, embrace it.

* * * *

We are all walking on the same stage in different universes; none even remotely the same.

* * * *

Since none of it matters, neither does this.

* * * *

You are as dead as You are alive, as alive as You are dead.

* * * *

The awakened are Self-contained.

* * * *

Sports are war without the death; winners and losers survive to play again another day.

* * * *

Not the first time, not the last.

* * * *

All differences are only a matter of relative degrees of imagination.

* * * *

Stay strong, stay sharp.

* * * *

Just another concoction born of the human filibuster.

* * * *

Lend it no mind.

* * * *

Just another avenue to lifting your wallet and absconding with the goods.

* * * *

There is only You imagining it all.

* * * *

Another demonstration, another petition, another lawsuit, ho-hum.

* * * *

How convenient to be born into the one and only true religion.

* * * *

If You go down this rabbit hole, it will be the end of You.

* * * *

It is imagination that is alive, not You.

* * * *

Shop! Shop! Shop!

* * * *

You need not submit to the hunger all the time.

* * * *

It has taken moments beyond counting for You to have awakened in this mortal setting.

* * * *

So, maybe You are finally ready.

* * * *

It is the mind-body that dies, not You; death is the door home.

* * * *

To respond, or react, that is the question.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are but conceptual fabrications of the human mind.

* * * *

Everything that was, is no longer necessary.

* * * *

All states of mind are imaginary.

* * * *

Another demonstration, another petition, another lawsuit, ho-hum.

* * * *

Put it out there; see what happens.

* * * *

Life is a ceaseless process of reframing the frame of reference.

* * * *

Awareness is the knowing.

* * * *

Self-pity is one of the harder rabbit holes to escape.

* * * *

So-called.

* * * *

The vanity! The vanity!

* * * *

Has the awareness ever even once moved?

* * * *

You, alone, are.

* * * *

The long-ago brain, just a moment ago.

* * * *

You are only as skilled as your attention warrants.

* * * *

Why so serious? Why so much effort?

* * * *

To measure, or not to measure, that is the question.

* * * *

No effort.

* * * *

Sometimes the current is too strong and You must give into it; fate is like that.

* * * *

Imagination will always pull You back if You let it.

* * * *

None of it really matters.

* * * *

It is all so precarious; total collapse could be around any corner.

* * * *

There is always nothing to do.

* * * *

When You go to a gun fight, be sure to bring a gun.

* * * *

His story, her story, our story, no story.

* * * *

Wait until they get the votes.

* * * *

To connect, or not to connect, that is the question.

* * * *

Where does consciousness ply in the mind that is as clear as a cloudless, still sky?

* * * *

Science will never usurp superstition.

* * * *

Suicide is just destroying your imaginary universe.

* * * *

No matter how great or small, any frame of reference is still a frame.

* * * *

Why believe in any deity outside your Self?

* * * *

There is no goal; there is only process, until there is not.

* * * *

You have labels for everything, but what do You perceive right here, right now?

* * * *

You can never be sure.

* * * *

No regrets except all of them.

* * * *

What tradition can last long? What tradition is not ever-changing?

* * * *

Hail, Caesar, and Buddha, too.

* * * *

Is imagination a function of time, or time a function of imagination?

* * * *

You will always wonder.

* * * *

Life as it is known is death, and death, life eternal.

* * * *

By your deeds will You be known.

* * * *

None can teach it, none can learn it, it must be seen.

* * * *

Stardust come to life.

* * * *

Imaginary me, imaginary myself, imaginary I.

* * * *

Why should You feel any obligation to achieve the sanity imposed by absurdity?

* * * *

Stay hungry, at least once in a while.

* * * *

The projections of consciousness can be a seething broth.

* * * *

So this is where they dig it all up.

* * * *

Life is about holding on until You let go, voluntarily or otherwise.

* * * *

Whatever normal is, that is not.

* * * *

Why would it at all matter what anyone thinks of You?

* * * *

Embrace the aloneness to be free.

* * * *

Eat, drink, shop, repeat.

* * * *

How much until You know too much?

* * * *

To judge another time by the current issue is like mixing metaphors.

* * * *

A moderate caliber is enough.

* * * *

What can more flames do to an already burnt slice of toast?

* * * *

A different kind of one-percenter.

* * * *

Stop identifying with the mind-body and all its perceptions, and where are You?

* * * *

The swirl of consciousness can never be more than imaginary.

* * * *

Pure, unadulterated laziness of the mystical-magical sort.

* * * *

The nothingness of everything.

* * * *

Carnal knowledge leaves much to the imagination.

* * * *

Where does all that knowledge come from? Where does it go?

* * * *

Imagination only imagines it is alive.

* * * *

You can get used to almost anything in the relativity of consciousness.

* * * *

Free food and drink can make for a fair amount of loyalty, real or otherwise.

* * * *

Before creation, during creation, after creation, what difference, really?

* * * *

The off-putting nature of so many things are in ample supply.

* * * *

Abandon hope all ye who would see.

* * * *

What is death but going to sleep for the last time.

* * * *

It is your hunger that both expands and contracts your cosmos.

* * * *

It begins again.

* * * *

When push comes to shove, always be ready for the other guy to have more shove to his push.

* * * *

Do not get stuck before You run out of time.

* * * *

To avoid making things personal and taking things personal, can indeed be a challenge.

* * * *

The anarchy of insanity and absurdity.

* * * *

Who will be the last historian, the last chronicler of the human paradigm?

* * * *

Original sin, original assumption.

* * * *

So, stop already.

* * * *

The difference between anyone and You, is but an imaginary universe.

* * * *

Nothing to write home about.

* * * *

It is imagination that roams far and wide.

* * * *

Is that necessary?

* * * *

The first and last thing worth knowing.

* * * *

Self-absorbed? Or absorbing Self?

* * * *

It is love until it is hate, and then velvet turns to iron.

* * * *

Be that a real book?

* * * *

Sound is here and gone, same as light.

* * * *

The awareness that is prior to consciousness is prior to all stories.

* * * *

To be totally alone, all sense of otherness must die.

* * * *

Spiritual burnout.

* * * *

The difference between You and me is but an imaginary universe.

* * * *

Why do You want to hurt others, perhaps even slay them?

* * * *

Sold a bill of goods, and likely do not even know it.

* * * *

There are more than a few subtleties not worth bothering about.

* * * *

The universe that imagination built.

* * * *

If You do something once, it is often hard to stop with two.

* * * *

Well beyond the tipping point; no point getting upset about it.

* * * *

Life is prison; death, freedom.

* * * *

No deity nor mortal can do it for You.

* * * *

How far are You willing to go? How far are You willing to take it?

* * * *

Watch your mind like You would a still pond, and it will be still as a still pond.

* * * *

The totality is god, You are part of the totality, ergo, You are god.

* * * *

Alone and free, for all eternity, the way it ought to be.

* * * *

No, it does not matter.

* * * *

Forever after what?

* * * *

Enjoy the absence of pain this moment offers.

* * * *

None in all, all in none.

* * * *

Yet another uncivil civil war.

* * * *

What language cannot muster its world?

* * * *

Greatest common denominator, least common denominator, what difference, really?

* * * *

Reclaim the innocence that is your birthright.

* * * *

Passion, rationally or irrationally inspired, lends itself to every form of creativity.

* * * *

Always still You.

* * * *

How much energy You spend taking it all so seriously.

* * * *

Alas that the mind is not the apparatus that industry and technology would have it be.

* * * *

The rocks underfoot have stories, too.

* * * *

Far, far, infinitely far more unwritten history than written.

* * * *

No fear, or at least bluff it well.

* * * *

Yet another one of those rational fellows locked up in emotionally-laden rhetoric.

* * * *

Life is a long dance in stillness.

* * * *

Fathom hate, fathom agape, what difference, really?

* * * *

The other will hold You back.

* * * *

Surrounded by a world full of every absurdity, about which You have no say, whatsoever.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination.

* * * *

Who will be the last buddha standing?

* * * *

Hell is born of imagination, as is heaven its absence.

* * * *

Amazing what some people will do for a prize.

* * * *

Fantasy is simpler, cleaner, faster.

* * * *

Challenge the fear, challenge the hunger, attend the awareness.

* * * *

And what is it to be rational in an absurd world?

* * * *

Th-th-th-that's all folks!

* * * *

Death will be the antidote to all your woes.

* * * *

The irony of innocence is lost upon those who have lost it.

* * * *

All in all, none in none.

* * * *

You have done everything, You have done nothing.

* * * *

What book would You most want to read were You starting all over again?

* * * *

How energetic can You be?

* * * *

Where is knowledge in nature?

* * * *

Like a buried treasure chest waiting to be found.

* * * *

Quantum fare, quantum faire.

* * * *

Yet another chase after what does not exist.

* * * *

You took that personal?

* * * *

You made what assumption?

* * * *

What You are gauged to do, what You are gauged to think, that is your fate.

* * * *

What good is a brain if the head is up the ass?

* * * *

How lazy can You be?

* * * *

What a bother this sack of imaginary notion can be.

* * * *

Focusing on things only make them better or worse; no difference to the indivisible.

* * * *

Forget me, forget me not.

* * * *

Everything is everything until it is not.

* * * *

The many-faced coin of duality.

* * * *

How can You follow anyone else when it is your own stride that is trekking the pathless?

* * * *

What we call reality is not, and what reality is, is not, either.

* * * *

The answer is life.

* * * *

The answer is death.

* * * *

What is comparison but rating imaginary perceptions.

* * * *

It is not at all what it is made up to be.

* * * *

To fly or swim or dig your entire existence, what would that be like?

* * * *

Imagination venting.

* * * *

Consciousness is the bloom of the quantum creation.

* * * *

Everything will be eaten up in the someday of it all.

* * * *

Imagination shaping your universe to whatever degree capacity and limitation allow.

* * * *

Vanity is imagination tooting its own horn over and over until death does it part.

* * * *

It is in awareness, not consciousness, in which You will find your Self.

* * * *

The meek of spirit and stale of mind abide in delusion.

* * * *

Never too early, never too late.

* * * *

What is this need we all have to be entertained, to be amused, to be distracted?

* * * *

Either way it is probably vain.

* * * *

The Rubicon? Hard to know when that was crossed.

* * * *

You are every moment unborn-undying.

* * * *

Hard to be afraid of things in which You do not believe.

* * * *

Where is space? Where is time? Look for your Self.

* * * *

A letter from the editor.

* * * *

Why believe in anything? Is not awareness enough?

* * * *

All deities are fabrications of fear of the unknown and the desire for more.

* * * *

Only vanity cares.

* * * *

Everything gets filed away sooner or later.

* * * *

Imagination is always tripping on its own creations.

* * * *

If You are easily pleased, You are less often disappointed.

* * * *

It is a sad thing to grow old and see it all for what it is.

* * * *

All life is the same nameless traveler, each with its own unique dream of a universe.

* * * *

He/she/it is just as much in your head, dead, as he/she/it ever was alive.

* * * *

True aloneness is both desireless and fearless.

* * * *

If You are inclined to pat yourself on the back all the time, chances are You are the only one.

* * * *

Die, non-believers! Die! Die, believers! Die!

* * * *

Nothing is required.

* * * *

We are all normal in our imaginary universes.

* * * *

How alone can You be, and for how long?

* * * *

Curiosity kills a lot of things.

* * * *

All thoughts and feelings are but whimsical prisoners of any given context.

* * * *

So many things about which not to care.

* * * *

The world is still very Darwinian; but in a conscious way.

* * * *

So many living such prescribed lives.

* * * *

Practice indifferent compassion.

* * * *

Why should it ever matter what anyone else thinks of You?

* * * *

Good news, bad news, what difference, really?

* * * *

Hard work, works.

* * * *

Revenge bites back with every sort of consequence.

* * * *

Memories, where would life be without them?

* * * *

To cling to any part born of time is to put off the ever-present whole.

* * * *

Maneuver and fire, maneuver or fire, fire or maneuver, You choose.

* * * *

You really believe your labels mean anything to the ultimate?

* * * *

To unlock eternity, You must unlock your Self.

* * * *

If there is a supreme being, how could it not be just as imaginary as You?

* * * *

History is a great deal of imaginary dead weight.

* * * *

As subtle as gravity.

* * * *

A nice day to sit on a bench or run around a field.

* * * *

The end of desire, the end of dread, the end of death, is life everlasting.

* * * *

There is nothing else to see.

* * * *

Be not disappointed that your fate does not allow that.

* * * *

Destitute again, o yay o yay.

* * * *

Sophisticated absurdity is no different than the unsophisticated kind.

* * * *

You are unknown, You are unseen.

* * * *

Fear and dread are the consequence of shallow and halting breathing.

* * * *

Trust the process.

* * * *

Tolerate no lie in the quest to end all doubt.

* * * *

The lazy man's guide to getting lazier by the day.

* * * *

Whatever makes You hungry will frame the consequences of your existence.

* * * *

Wisdom can be a prisoner of its own masking.

* * * *

The definition of human desire is "ever hungry, even rapacious, for more."

* * * *

It just so does not fucking matter.

* * * *

To ride doubt until its end is a calling for only the most tenacious upon the quest.

* * * *

Why allow demons and fools to run your show if You can do without them?

* * * *

Tabula rasa, rasa plena.

* * * *

Too boggling for words.

* * * *

Malthus just missed the date by a few hundred years.

* * * *

After everything is gone.

* * * *

If time and space does not exist, all rhetoric becomes meaningless.

* * * *

Hmm, better not do that, either.

* * * *

What You really are, and are not, is the awareness upon which all creation is imagined.

* * * *

The unknown knowingly unknown again.

* * * *

Still trying to fill that hungry mind in every way imaginable, and with what?

* * * *

You say You want a revolution.

* * * *

Poverty is a state of mind, not necessarily a dearth of possessions.

* * * *

You are quantum and the entirety of its electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Truth cannot be known, only intuited, and then only in the most momentary, most timeless way.

* * * *

Awareness is as big as it is small; without consciousness, nothing at all.

* * * *

Funny how when there is nothing but time, there seems so little.

* * * *

Claim truth all You want, a lie is a lie is a lie.

* * * *

Like Pandora's Box, once You open your mind, there is no closing the lid.

* * * *

So full, and still hungry.

* * * *

If it is, it is; if it is not, it is not; why worry, be happy, such as it is.

* * * *

Fiddle-faddle.

* * * *

How will I die? How will You die? One can only wonder until that moment comes.

* * * *

About so many things You can never know; why pretend You do or ever will?

* * * *

The masters are loyal so long as You are useful.

* * * *

Duality, pfft!

* * * *

Yet another contrived existence.

* * * *

Creating, creating, creating ... destroying, destroying, destroying ... nothing all the while.

* * * *

Truth is not a dogma thing, never has been, never will be.

* * * *

More seers than there are wanting to see.

* * * *

All is but one imaginary concoction after another after another after another.

* * * *

The wave is cresting.

* * * *

Hard to do what one feels no calling to do.

* * * *

Yet another meme playing out its pattern.

* * * *

Whether or not life is a fairytale depends how rose-colored the attitude.

* * * *

Praise Jesus for Christian guilt and other absurdities.

* * * *

Awareness is nothing without a mind-body in which to conjure a dream.

* * * *

The greatest revolution is solitary and anonymous.

* * * *

The dream ignores most, and quickly forgets all; no trace but ghosts of imaginary notion.

* * * *

It may be literal, it may be figurative, it may be nothing at all.

* * * *

Revenge is a dish best served cold.

* * * *

Why would anything hang with someone who offers them nothing?

* * * *

Have You ever cared deeply about anything not tied to one vain notion or another?

* * * *

No history survives the test of eternity.

* * * *

The thing we sell our souls for.

* * * *

Born free, feel free, be free.

* * * *

Watch the hunger.

* * * *

Denial is the way of delusion.

* * * *

Always an endorphin or three in payment for a chore in imagination's wake.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but intoxication with imagination.

* * * *

Belief is capable of inspiring any and every imaginable absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Looks like ugly is about to get in-spades uglier.

* * * *

Of within and without, what difference, really?

* * * *

Drakarys!

* * * *

What is a true believer but a delusional contortionist.

* * * *

How attached we are to our histories; those that have managed to survive.

* * * *

What a universe!

* * * *

This play of word association, a beguiling process, indeed.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning; another day in the life, such as it is.

* * * *

Asleep at the wheel again, eh?

* * * *

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

* * * *

The axis of evil is nepotism, cronyism, and favoritism, fueled by greed and vanity.

* * * *

What book would Orwell write now?

* * * *

Give it no thought.

* * * *

Mind over matter, no-mind over mind.

* * * *

This world is a playground for psychopaths and every imaginable strain of degeneracy.

* * * *

There is no You but what imagination concocts.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is a collusion of imagination.

* * * *

Every relationship has a lifetime, and there are many.

* * * *

Wisdom has yet to win an argument against ignorance.

* * * *

Have You seen the dream for what it is, and is not?

* * * *

It is not all about You; it is all about You.

* * * *

Okay, it is a collusion, so what?

* * * *

The secret to all religion is playing upon the fear of ignorance.

* * * *

Is imagination life? Is it death? And does any rhetoric prove either so?

* * * *

Conventional or eccentric, or the gray between, do any of us really have a choice?

* * * *

Forget until You remember, remember until You forget, repeat.

* * * *

Let imagination be the harbor of murder and mayhem.

* * * *

Always amazing what gibberish is the harvest of some minds.

* * * *

You want truth to be succinct and graspable? Good luck with that.

* * * *

Are You consciousness, or the awareness peering through its veil?

* * * *

To which You are You referring?

* * * *

Through time, awareness awakens to its Self.

* * * *

These our modern daze.

* * * *

Is any history ever more than a tool to manipulate the masses?

* * * *

Regarding the fog of war, the victors will likely be those whose murky vision is most clear.

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a dream, and death its end.

* * * *

Awareness is the sky, consciousness the wind.

* * * *

What is a long life but more to let go.

* * * *

Not engaging in the prescribed world is viable, but has its consequences.

* * * *

All about differences, all about similarities.

* * * *

Your mind is your dojo.

* * * *

If You had no memory, no knowledge, about what would You think?

* * * *

So many ways to look at anything through the continuum of inclination.

* * * *

You decide.

* * * *

What is this need humans have for acceptance and approval?

* * * *

High road, low road, in the end both equally pathless.

* * * *

Do not need that in your head.

* * * *

The tourist lives in an artificial bubble, the traveler in the way it is.

* * * *

Without imagination, no creature can discern any reality but its own.

* * * *

Empathy is an art form.

* * * *

Awareness is the life force's window to consciousness.

* * * *

You choose.

* * * *

Discern the one and only answer to any and all questions.

* * * *

Imagination is all about endorphins and their hypnotic addiction.

* * * *

Never too late to forgive yourself for being born human.

* * * *

How could your version of the cosmos exist without You relentlessly imagining it so?

* * * *

And when the dream is done, what more?

* * * *

Indeed, You must be someplace, but how can it be anywhere but right here, right now?

* * * *

And if You care, will it really make any difference?

* * * *

A world of whackos run by whackos.

* * * *

What a twisted species we are.

* * * *

And still they believe.

* * * *

And that died, too.

* * * *

It is a god thing.

* * * *

Rest assured that pigs in lipstick look just as good.

* * * *

You are time-traveling in the right-here-right-now.

* * * *

So, it was You.

* * * *

So, that is who.

* * * *

So, that is what.

* * * *

So, that is where.

* * * *

So, that is when.

* * * *

So, that is why.

* * * *

So, that is how.

* * * *

How that which is unborn be alive or dead?

* * * *

How blind You so often are.

* * * *

Do You really need to keep doing this?

* * * *

All fine, all well, all dandy.

* * * *

What need for any great truth concocted by the human mind?

* * * *

What do the Fates have in store today?

* * * *

If You must teach, teaching nothing.

* * * *

How can You not stand aloof from a species so absurdly unaligned with its origin?

* * * *

We are all one-bloom seeds.

* * * *

Self, Soul, God ... Nothing more than imaginary construct with no reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

Unplug to understand.

* * * *

If it is not one thing, it is another.

* * * *

You are alone.

* * * *

One thing or another.

* * * *

So smart, You are not.

* * * *

All right, all wrong.

* * * *

Positive negation or negative negation? Depends on the day.

* * * *

Even more strange.

* * * *

Sure hope You do not think that is going to work in the real world.

* * * *

Got illusion and delusion in profusion.

* * * *

What end can there be to self-absorption but the voluntary cessation of imaginary notion.

* * * *

In awareness, breath fully.

* * * *

The game is afoot; the game is amind.

* * * *

How to negotiate the rocky dream through the sea of bliss is the question.

* * * *

No one dies until You do.

* * * *

Nothing like a true believer to sharpen your wit.

* * * *

Too many variables, not enough constants.

* * * *

Embrace it all.

* * * *

Men play fools, women own crazy.

* * * *

Regarding all them pains, it is a good day when they do not come to mind.

* * * *

To immerse in the ultimate aloneness is a rare calling.

* * * *

Jesus, get over yourself.

* * * *

Waking up to all the lies You have been told is the challenge.

* * * *

How sweet, simplicity.

* * * *

To be in complete and utter solitude is a sovereign state of grace.

* * * *

Bullshit is bullshit, no matter how sweet the smell.

* * * *

Abolish absurdity today.

* * * *

Your version of normal is as normal as any other's.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are the source of all human vanity, all human delusion.

* * * *

The only difference between You and any other is imaginary.

* * * *

Do You choose it? Does it choose You? Or is there really even any choice at all?

* * * *

Whether to tame the dragon or unleash it, that is the question.

* * * *

"Got your back," the overlords always promise, until it breaks.

* * * *

Let the mind be the sky it is.

* * * *

Common sense for the uncommon soul.

* * * *

The Seven Deadlies strike again.

* * * *

Life boils down to brief bits of ecstasy and great bouts of agony.

* * * *

History always tells.

* * * *

You are nature, and nature is You.

* * * *

Be the sky.

* * * *

What does so-called pleasure over time become but the absence of pain.

* * * *

There are always a few 2duz that can wait for one mañana or another.

* * * *

What role, what form, cannot be played by the faceless god?

* * * *

Yet another true believer.

* * * *

Give ear to sages.

* * * *

How precious anonymity; do not squander it.

* * * *

Yay oh yay, yet another tidbit of useless trivia.

* * * *

The same body parts do not for man or woman make.

* * * *

Yes, this is what we have evolved into.

* * * *

The polarization! The polarization!

* * * *

The mind is the time machine; that it all it is, all it was, all it will ever be.

* * * *

Science just keeps chugging up the mountain that technology built.

* * * *

The future is just so yummy.

* * * *

The Feng is shui-ed.

* * * *

Death is a unilateral fact, an inevitability to which life cannot unsubscribe.

* * * *

Wisdom is the domain of fools.

* * * *

We all believe what we are capable of believing.

* * * *

You always have your Caesars, and then what happens after.

* * * *

The madness that is real.

* * * *

Perceptions are but glimpses of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Throw it all out, baby and all.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to believe in anything?

* * * *

It is all judgment, kiddo.

* * * *

Sliding into oblivion.

* * * *

Hard for the mind to be at ease when the body is not.

* * * *

Nothing like a true-believer to get your head shaking no.

* * * *

Political expediency is nothing more than a pragmatic survival strategy.

* * * *

How can awareness ever be tamed by the myriad values born of any imaginary paradigm?

* * * *

An imaginary existence from which all perception is parlayed real and true.

* * * *

The body can be a very scary place.

* * * *

Oops, looks like You put it off too long.

* * * *

It is all nothing more than a memory from the get-go.

* * * *

Kings cannot play their games if subjects do not play along.

* * * *

No need to go there.

* * * *

A collusion does not make for truth.

* * * *

The veil of memory is a mirage.

* * * *

Keeping your nose on your own face is something of an art form.

* * * *

The difference between You and anyone or anything else is imaginary.

* * * *

Everything born of mind is after the fact.

* * * *

No vehicle finishes its journey shiny and new.

* * * *

Love is not tribal.

* * * *

Power is taken until it is taken away.

* * * *

Lesson learned, maybe.

* * * *

All recognition is after the fact.

* * * *

Way too much work.

* * * *

Industry, technology, only postpone the inevitable.

* * * *

You must be very still to see clearly all there is to see, to discern all there is to discern.

* * * *

Un-imagine yourself; un-imagine your entire existence ever happened.

* * * *

What is death but they mystery taking back another of its guests.

* * * *

Assert anything all You please; if it is not true, it is not true.

* * * *

Oblivion awaits your surrender.

* * * *

Sitting, walking, running, lying, living, dying, be empty.

* * * *

Savor the moment, for it is quickly come and forever gone.

* * * *

Measuring the immeasurable; immeasurabling the measurable.

* * * *

How little You really know of any consequence.

* * * *

You did because You could, and could because You did.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a quantum plaything.

* * * *

What is aging but fewer and shorter highs, and more and deeper lows.

* * * *

Awareness is too great a mystery to be confined in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

To even call this mystery of awareness 'soul' is at best a dubious assumption.

* * * *

See it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it, think it, like You never have before.

* * * *

All human concoctions are just that.

* * * *

Traveling in awareness through the fog of mind.

* * * *

Greed is the root of all that is called evil.

* * * *

Yet another cloak to cast off one this day or another.

* * * *

Hard to find what ain't there.

* * * *

New endings are the ground for new beginnings.

* * * *

It took no effort to be what You are when You were very young, why should it take any more now?

* * * *

Live or die, it does not matter.

* * * *

You have no life, so You invented one, just like everyone else.

* * * *

Erase the hunger.

* * * *

Words of the mystery, for the mystery, by the mystery.

* * * *

Regret is a many-headed hydra.

* * * *

And where are You when time and space lose all meaning?

* * * *

Who knows if it means anything, and why should it?

* * * *

The kings, the priests, the vampires, the pipers, the reapers, all in due course collect their tithing.

* * * *

You are awareness aware-ing the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

The past is now, the future is now, the now is now.

* * * *

Somebody else's dream.

* * * *

Same body parts, but not all equally interesting.

* * * *

Age is about bothers snowballing.

* * * *

Why participate in anything, why contribute to anything You do not believe?

* * * *

The human mind wherein delusion abounds.

* * * *

Regarding the inevitability of death, it is really just a matter of who buries who.

* * * *

Nothing is good.

* * * *

Learning is a lifetime affair for them who would not be buffoons and morons.

* * * *

Of oceans and waves, how can they not be the same?

* * * *

The future-past ever resides in the imaginary now.

* * * *

Tradition is a form of laziness.

* * * *

Stay the course.

* * * *

WWYD: What Would You Do?

* * * *

Will the true believers still praise their deities when their entitlements dissolve?

* * * *

Nothing is as easy as it used to be.

* * * *

Is it god that is dead, or all the religions carving on their speculations?

* * * *

A quantum by any other name would indivisible the same.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are the harbingers of bother.

* * * *

And what have You done with your dream?

* * * *

More twaddle with which to burden the brain cells.

* * * *

Is awareness very large, is awareness very small, is that a question we need even ask at all?

* * * *

Rest on your laurels until they rot from the weight of vain notion.

* * * *

Hope is the longing to which the superstitious subscribe.

* * * *

The cockroaches will likely scabble about our ruins for another 300 million years.

* * * *

Do not make assumptions; everything is an assumption.

* * * *

Do not take anything personally; everything is personal.

* * * *

The dead rule the living.

* * * *

The continuity that is not.

* * * *

Nothing is necessary.

* * * *

Imagined self is not true Self.

* * * *

Boring and foolish and irritating, not good attributes for the lonely.

* * * *

History is written by those who feel the call to bother.

* * * *

And why would it possibly matter what day it is?

* * * *

Full and unequal participants, all.

* * * *

So much to endure for another steak, another drink, another box of chocolate.

* * * *

Imagination, illusion, same thing.

* * * *

The only thing original about original sin is its implausible origin.

* * * *

Self-pity? What point?

* * * *

So many ways to clutter the immaculate mind.

* * * *

The tyranny of selfishness, of greed, of ignorance, of absurdity, is unending.

* * * *

Win some, lose some, tie some, die anyway.

* * * *

Consciousness assumes continuity to a dream that has none.

* * * *

Your life, like it never happened.

* * * *

When up is down and down is up, which direction will You go?

* * * *

A faceless mystery: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

All of it and none of it all the while.

* * * *

Can a mind molded by time and space ever be free?

* * * *

To be free of all that has molded your existence, You must choose to take back your mind.

* * * *

Nothing is the something to understand.

* * * *

You are sole witness, soul witness, privy to nothing.

* * * *

Whatever You imagine your Self to be, You are not.

* * * *

Why be bound to any style but what the given mind in the given moment spontaneously invokes.

* * * *

Measuring the immeasurable, just where do You think that is going to get You, really?

* * * *

So many dominos, hard to knock down just one.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to all quantum shenanigans, awareness is.

* * * *

So many things You will never know.

* * * *

So many things about which to care or not.

* * * *

The nothingness of awareness is the unifying principle.

* * * *

Is freedom relative?

* * * *

When awareness focuses upon its translation, the quantum cloud crystalizes into illusion.

* * * *

A dream, to which the only continuity is the assumption of imagination.

* * * *

For every inhale, an exhale; the first belongs to life, the last to death.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are equal forces in every way, in every moment.

* * * *

Great wisdom is the harvest of great foolishness.

* * * *

What do You want to be when You grow up? Your Self, of course.

* * * *

A mystery unto thy Self.

* * * *

Not a bad idea to save some of that good health and well-being for the end game.

* * * *

How uninspired the thinking that traps any so-called deities in time-bound, linear thinking.

* * * *

How many creatures abiding their dreamtime existence are as lonely as human beings?

* * * *

Without science, superstition and malarkey.

* * * *

Quantum is the maker of laws that cannot be broken.

* * * *

Political and everyday cartoons always just so nail things.

* * * *

You only think You are in control of anything.

* * * *

Great wisdom is the wit of great fools.

* * * *

Awareness stops for no mind.

* * * *

Death is an equal-opportunity reaper.

* * * *

How can great wisdom be discerned by any but the greatest fools?

* * * *

Are You really anything more than a passenger on an oftentimes bumpy flight?

* * * *

Revolutions and civil wars only put new masks on the same old me-myself-and-I greed.

* * * *

Just another vampire making money off stupid, greedy, fearful people.

* * * *

The world's permission is not required to awaken; it is entirely up to You.

* * * *

No universe is more than an imaginary quantum dream.

* * * *

No assumption withstands the sands of time.

* * * *

Is there anything that has not got at least one conspiracy theory gnawing at its truth?

* * * *

You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.

* * * *

Covenants made with history are chains that bind minds to time.

* * * *

Imagination is all.

* * * *

Neither fast nor slow, awareness is.

* * * *

We play it real because that is what You do in theater.

* * * *

What never moves, what never stops, long enough to ever be measured?

* * * *

This moment is all You have, and never for anything at all long.

* * * *

Go ahead, share that vanity.

* * * *

What is it about familiarity that breeds contempt?

* * * *

Time is the measurement of all thing; all things are the measurement of time.

* * * *

Nothing is as it seems.

* * * *

Your universe is whatever You make, or unmake it.

* * * *

The relativity of subjectivity morphs, permutates, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

How endless it all becomes.

* * * *

Imagination rules imaginary kingdoms.

* * * *

Imagination is imagination, no matter how rational its flights of fancy.

* * * *

A secret life; odds are everyone has one.

* * * *

Why should You feel obligated to play out an existence that does not interest You?

* * * *

Continuity is the first and last assumption of imagination.

* * * *

Yet another day, just another day.

* * * *

Awareness floats, unbound by thought, by gravity, or any other quantum attribute.

* * * *

Consciousness is the parasite; awareness, the host.

* * * *

It is others who make You feel lonely.

* * * *

There is no glory that holds past its fleeting memory.

* * * *

Are You sure You will survive this time?

* * * *

Every day, time has its way with You and your conditioned responses.

* * * *

To that smoke curling out the pipe, do not be lonely.

* * * *

Check them pockets; never know what might be forgot in them jeans.

Breadcrumbs

“What could have happened to that?” he wondered, not for the first nor the last time, that lifetime.

* * * *

Here it is; do with it what You will.

* * * *

These aphoristic thoughts are for that potential future
When the idolatry of religion has turned to sand,
When materialism has fallen on its sword,
When Mother Nature in her fashion
Begins cutting out the cancer
That has so scarred her garden.
It may never happen, but if it does,
Just remember, it is not about the scribe.
Please do not make that mistake ever again.
It is the message, not the messenger, that counts.

* * * *

Anybody who judges this work
By how well or poorly it is written
May well be missing the whole point.

* * * *

Regarding getting this babble-on marketed, let me put it this way:
It ain't Harry Potter or Jack Ryan or Nancy Drew,
And the last name ain't Kardashian.

* * * *

Death will be like: "Man, finally, a good night's sleep."

* * * *

I give You my mind, and the Soul is already yours.

* * * *

As if my opinion on anything really matters to anyone.

* * * *

Waking up to another day in the Stupid Game.

* * * *

No way would I ever buy an electric car, or willingly get into a driverless car.
Doubt I would ever get a bells-and-whistles digitalized car, either.
Old School through and through, and happier for it.

* * * *

Do not think to many human hives interest me anymore.
Alas that any captivation, any fascination, with our species,
Has pretty much achieved its endgame across the board.

* * * *

It is the best that could be done on short notice, sorry.

* * * *

Another day residing in this mind's quantum fountain,
Pen and paper or keyboard ever within easy reach,
Waiting casually for words that inevitably come.

* * * *

Mayhem and death, my kind of world.

* * * *

A mystery pretending to be a human being, to be an earthling, to be a cosmic being.
A mystery pretending to be a white-male-labels-unending American.
A mystery that happened to happen, no reason known.

* * * *

A philosopher!
What a useless calling.
What would your mother say?
Oops, she did, oh, sorry.

* * * *

The actual life resume is much more than a page or three,
And among other things includes the title "Galactic Engineer."

* * * *

The pitter-patter of yet another thought rains onto paper.

* * * *

Believe me, there is no expectation herein that anything in the human drama will change.
I am just reflecting on whatever comes to mind, posing a wide melee of thoughts.
I hold out little hope that our cancerous species is even remotely capable
Of reigning in its passionate mind and myriad instinctual drives.
My predictions for the future are not in any way optimistic.
More of the same-old-same-old is more than a little probable,
But only for as long as Mother Nature condescends our existence.

* * * *

My mistake that I took the light in your eye to be intelligence.

* * * *

Another voice echoing in the tumultuous crowd.

* * * *

My stage is the keyboard

* * * *

Feeling the Grinch; resisting wandering through Whoville.

* * * *

It will not put the fire out, but it might help quench a few parched throats.

* * * *

Yet another reason why I need to find a cave and never pretend to be a human being again.

* * * *

The inevitable oil crash may well be the kickoff to tumultuous waves of famine
That will bring this unsustainable human spectacle to its knees.
After the initial hysteria and chaos moderates,
Thoughts such as these
May receive a bit more attention.
But then again, it is more than a little likely
That this haggard paradigm will adapt to the new scale,
And carry on in the same oafish, no-win pattern that it always has.

* * * *

Never completely trained to do the right thing,
Ergo every variety of gray-man adventure played.

* * * *

A walking-talking ironic paradox.

* * * *

A good friend, Roland, suggested writing poetry.
A small-town newspaper stint established the discipline
To wander around, notebook in hand, observing, questioning.
Merritt, another friend, said I should write it down,
And somewhere in the many adventures,
The reflections began spilling
From mind to paper.
As Lee said,
Who would have thunk it.

* * * *

Not necessarily meant to be read in one or three sittings by all but the most obsessed.

* * * *

Setting things right is an arduous task.

* * * *

Who better to take this life than yours truly.

* * * *

Basking in irony and paradox.

* * * *

This work has been supported by a variety of day jobs, and night ones, too.
So, no worries about it ever being monetized by anyone, anywhere, anytime.

* * * *

Loyal to all and one.

* * * *

Through randomness, happenchance, serendipity,
The rare audience for these reflections is stumbled upon.
One never knows for whom these thoughts will toll.

* * * *

The ramblings of a mind gone rogue.

* * * *

The prophet of doom may finally be worth heeding.

* * * *

A certain amount of arrogance is required to write such things.

* * * *

Just a watcher, anymore, but never lose much if any sleep over it.
More about being continually astounded, boggled, actually,
That such a avaricious, hedonistic, narcissistic species
Has survived and thrived for as long as it has.

* * * *

Of the scribe, it can be said: He came, he saw, he wrote.

* * * *

What a timeless enterprise this has been.

* * * *

Taking the debate to a whole new level.

* * * *

What am I really saying?

* * * *

If there is some sort of personal deity, as so many incline to believe,
Then, pray tell, answer me this: Where did he/she/it/whatever come from?
Granted, this quantum mystery had to begin somehow, sometime, somewhere,
But some Santa-Claus-heaven-hell fiction does not slice the mustard.

And do not get me started on the alien speculation advocates.
This orb is a garden enough to do it on its own.

* * * *

My kind of fun.

* * * *

How draining all the tortures this body endures.
Pleasure anymore has become the absence of pain.

* * * *

So much stuff that I will never use again,
But alas, I am a material boy turned hoarder.

* * * *

Finally got my fill.

* * * *

I don't do commandments; no mindless followers in my camp.
Why in any god's name would anyone ever want to be a dittohead?

* * * *

So many words for an unseen audience, who will likely never even begin to read them.
Ah well, it has been quite a process; there are many lesser ways to wander the time.

* * * *

The point and purpose of these way more than too many babblings,
Is to inoculate all with the seed of doubt, the key to awakening.

* * * *

Reborn, again, sigh.

* * * *

Arrogance in its most indivisible vision.

* * * *

On the whole, Jesus, at only 33, got out of it
With a lot less suffering than those many
Who endure a much longer existence.

* * * *

Disclaimer: All that has been written herein may be wrong.
Duality may well be the fundamental reality of it all.
And maybe You will someday decide to become a Christian,
Or a Muslim, or a Jew, or a Buddhist, or a Taoist, or a whatever.
So many flavors; hard to pick just one, and what if You choose wrong?

* * * *

Ha, ha, good joke, Mister Michael, You make me laugh plenty much.

* * * *

The same conversations every day; old is as old does.

* * * *

Have I written anything exactly this way before,
Or is this just slightly nuanced enough
So as to be absolutely unique
In its own special way?
As the photographer knows
Every photograph s/he has ever taken,
It seems just so with this aphoristic compendium.
And still the font flows with thoughts anew.

* * * *

What a journey this life has been.
And as has ever been true,
There is really no telling
Exactly what will happen next.

* * * *

These many thoughts merely point out what seems obvious to these eyes.
What outcome they may, or likely will not serve in bringing about,
Are the choices of consciousness that play out in every mind.

* * * *

You may say that I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one.

* * * *

Over thirty years of babble; please excuse the repetition.

* * * *

May be right, may be wrong, no doubt about it.

* * * *

A relatively anonymous enterprise
That likely will never be known in any meaningful way.
So be it, 'twas a good run all the same.

* * * *

El maestro de nada.

* * * *

An unfinished work, until that last wheezing breath.

* * * *

Bone weary.

* * * *

Bitter medicine for what ails us all.

* * * *

These many thoughts are for those who survive the fall.

* * * *

An interjection into history's unfolding.

* * * *

I'm so sorry.
You were right, I was wrong.
It won't happen again.
Please don't hate me.
Please forgive me.
You're beautiful.
I love You.

* * * *

Old enough to know better than to wish for another lifetime.

* * * *

A herald of eternity disentangling the mystery for all who would clearly see.

* * * *

Merely pointing out the obvious
To those discerning and courageous enough
To see the truth of it for themselves.

* * * *

Yes, I probably should be interested, but alas, I just cannot summon more than a yawn.

* * * *

Yet another day in this very annoying body.

* * * *

How we are not already extinct is beyond me.

* * * *

Having for all practical purposes written off the human species,
I really should cease and desist from further commentary,
But no, I blather on and on, basking in the play of wit,
Such as it is in this temporal gray-matter dream.
It is, indeed, a waste of time, but what else is time for?

* * * *

It is my preference to make each day up as it timelessly kaleidoscopes,

Not always referencing concocted ideals for fear of sundry judgments.

* * * *

Guaranteed, I have many less important things to do.

* * * *

Doubt I would have made much of a spy or prisoner of war.
Count on me to sing like a bird if it will deflect the maw of pain.

* * * *

Just shake my head at anyone who truly believes
Humankind will ever get off this planet in any meaningful way.
And what is the friggin' point of colonies on the Moon or Mars or anywhere else,
That will be unsustainable without absurdly expensive supply chains?
And with all the dominos a-quivering on this dying planet,
How will anything even get off the ground?
The absurdity is boggling.

* * * *

This life force, this spirit, older than the stars, younger than the moment,
Has been entertained by so many adventures, so many narratives, so many wits.
How exceedingly satisfied, how remarkably blessed I am to have been me.

* * * *

I call it aloneliness, and it be one of my favoritest things to be.

* * * *

All this articulation means nothing, changes nothing, the Fates are at the wheel.

* * * *

The daze on the calendar tick off one after another.
Occasionally I wonder which one will belong to the Reaper.
However, let me put it this way: I am not losing any sleep over it.

* * * *

Yet another cad.

* * * *

Yet another in the long and growing list of bothers the future will have to manage without me.

* * * *

Yes, it is possible that I have it all wrong.
It is possible that by the time You peruse this,
I will be unhappily roasting in the inferno of Hades.
Not likely, by my estimate, but it is possible.

* * * *

Irreverence is the spice of life.

* * * *

Ask me if I care.

* * * *

What need for a stage when You are your favorite audience?

* * * *

Change the world? Hah! Good luck with that.

* * * *

What do You mean I can't take it with me?

* * * *

If there is some sort of plan to all this, it is well beyond my pay grade.

* * * *

Life is meditation, at least for some of us.

* * * *

I have absolutely no interest
In being placed on some absurd pedestal,
Only to be dragged down by some small-minded mob.

* * * *

Not interested in creating anything organized or otherwise;
Only laying bare the reality of the quantum dream all endure.

* * * *

Law-abiding when it suits me.

* * * *

A Serial Plinker

* * * *

Am so over being a human being; I would never voluntarily do this again.

* * * *

Only rarely are women enticing after they let You catch them.
All that mystique is a façade of the Darwinian natural selection kind.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
That said, hypocrisy and pretentiousness are not strangers at the table, either.

* * * *

No power, no fame, no fortune, no bother.
A peasant, a plebeian, pure and simple and free.

Watching the cabaret as only no other can.

* * * *

The things so many think important, I just don't understand.

* * * *

Know too much history to bother fighting its unfolding.

* * * *

A plebeian, king of no other.

* * * *

Even if these thoughts had been penned thousands of years ago, it would have made no difference.
The innate predispositions of pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth
Are far too resilient for the human species to have played it out differently in any significant way.

* * * *

Probably could have done a lot of things that matter even less than what I did.

* * * *

Because it sounds good, that's why.

* * * *

Don't need to know; don't need to care.

* * * *

For an audience with the eyes to see and the ears to hear.

* * * *

So many shoulda-coulda-wouldas.

* * * *

Found out that last bug I squashed was God,
Which assuaged my guilt somewhat.
If I had known beforehand,
I might have taken more time.

* * * *

Have done far too many foolish things to warrant any great title.

* * * *

It sounded good at the time.

* * * *

So many things to care about, and I just do not want to anymore.

* * * *

You can bet if I had a billion dollars in the piggy bank

That I would pretty much be doing what I am already doing.
Wealth is a state of mind; it does not require a massive pile of gold.

* * * *

My contribution to the esoteric mix.

* * * *

Obituaries are not something about which I bother tracking.
Everyone is assumed dead unless I see proof of life,
And then only while the moment lasts.

* * * *

When it comes to dealing with the mystery of existence,
History seems to have dished up every possible delusion imaginable.
These many thoughts are for those whose only real hunger
Is to discern the truth of it for themselves.

* * * *

An everyday affair of heart and mind played out by a body dallying in time.

* * * *

Yes, among the many advantages of word processing,
The dictionary, thesaurus, and spell-check rank high.

* * * *

Another transcendent moment articulated.

* * * *

A gift for a world without a future.

* * * *

Many far more articulate philosopher-mystics out there than I, to be sure.

* * * *

Oh, duality, release me from thy clutches.

* * * *

Grappling with existence every day in every conceivable way.

* * * *

It is tiring when I do it, and even more so when You do.

* * * *

Did I write these many thoughts?
Or did they inscribe themselves through me?
Another uninspiring example of don't-know-don't-care.
It just be a diversion, something that passes a portion of the dream.

* * * *

I am forgetting myself long before history will.

* * * *

A vehicle on a journey through hell and heaven and every purgatory between.

* * * *

What I have to teach cannot be taught; it is a fate to which few feel called.

* * * *

All these thoughts will change nothing; so pointless that I keep putting them out there anyway.

* * * *

Not a skillset that I have ever contemplated, much less been inspired to learn.

* * * *

Lacking any particular agenda in this existence,
I just sort of took on whatever adventures, exotic to mundane,
That life offered in the unfolding happenstance.

* * * *

I really prefer my own thoughts to those of any other.

* * * *

Not a dittohead.

* * * *

How to be as lazy as possible, without being too lazy.

* * * *

I may be too old for You, but You ain't too young for me.

* * * *

Just as small-mindedly parochial as everybody else.

* * * *

I'd put a bullet in my head before I'd mount that look.

* * * *

How did I offend thee? Let me mend the ways.

* * * *

A legacy of reflections about every variety of things mundane to esoteric,
All randomly placed in such a manner as to insure that any reader
Would have to spend a great deal of time to ever mine it all.

* * * *

Satan and I meet regularly for coffee and catch-up.

God and I have agreed not to bother each other.

* * * *

Not being brilliant in any specific field of play,
I have somehow gotten through it to this point in time
Being an all-rounder of sorts, both mentally and physically,
With enough grit, enough gumption to endure this window of mind.

* * * *

The seamless indivisibility of awareness is default setting.

* * * *

Effed the ineffable.

* * * *

This is the book that has been scribed and lost many times in many places.

* * * *

For most my foolish deeds, I have only myself to blame.

* * * *

Drunk or sober, all the same.

* * * *

Thank the Good Lord I was born in tradition-free Kaliforny,
And don't have to play any way but whatever comes naturally.

* * * *

El Scribe: A receiver unit, no more, no less.

* * * *

That sort of miracle and cultish following thing may have tempted Jesus,
But it does not do anything at all for me at this, or any other time, either.

* * * *

Some need to rule the world; I say better You than me.

* * * *

Hanging on, hanging out.

* * * *

Bad student; always forgetting.

* * * *

Just took whatever came, and what a ride, what a ride,
Letting the winds of nature-nurture blow where they did.

* * * *

I am as alone in my dream as You are in yours; we are all alone, together.

* * * *

I am going to let You live because I am not hungry.

* * * *

This is what this mind does.
Another example of a fate less chosen.
Accept it for what it is; any critique is meaningless.
Make it your own if You discern it so.

* * * *

I am such a tool.

* * * *

A saloon pick-up line that only just occurred to this graybeard:
Like your look; might You be interested in seeing
If there is any chemistry together?
Alas, way too late.

* * * *

My version of knitting.

* * * *

Things must like me; I have enough of them.

* * * *

Sage and fool, vying for supremacy in one mind.

* * * *

You bring it out of me, man, I just can't help my Self.

* * * *

If I were to get on stage with all this, it would risk becoming about me.
To throw it out JohnnyAppleseed fashion means it must persevere on its own merit.
And if it dies on the vine, well, scribing it has been a curious diversion.
There is no saving anything anyway, so what the hey.

* * * *

Don't need love, don't need hate, like is okay, though.

* * * *

Another case of mystical post-traumatic stress disorder.

* * * *

A brief, narcissistic existence, replete with fabricated, delusionary meaning,
Surrounded in all directions by an eternally infinite ocean of purposelessness.

* * * *

This can be painful, too.

* * * *

Mighty handy being born with an already receding memory.

* * * *

Do not fear to tread where other tongues have gone.

* * * *

Nobody but You watching.

* * * *

Seriously people, might it be at all possible to have a discussion
Without it far too often descending into some total war scenario?

* * * *

“Seemed like an eternity” is pretty accurate when You discern every moment is.

* * * *

About so many things could I weep had I any tears left to spend.

* * * *

What I do is not necessarily what I imagine.

* * * *

There is absolutely no order to this aphoristic collage.

* * * *

Too much to bother about, much less remember.

* * * *

I who have done so many foolish things to reach this graying stage
Do not need to continue wandering down that short-sighted trail.

* * * *

The way I see it is the way I write it, and within You, it is surely no different.
All differences are the dreamy perceptions of the sensory mind
Caught up in the time of its imaginary epic.

* * * *

Not necessarily the greatest writings out there,
But it will help get You started if it is your calling.

* * * *

Cannot begin to remember so much of it anymore.
The potholes of the neural highways are aplenty.

* * * *

While all You industrious Demigods of the One Percent rule and ravage the world,
I think I will just take a nice little siesta in my favorite hammock.
Many thanks for making this dream possible.
You can, however, move on and bask in someone else's envy.

* * * *

Once again made the mistake thinking I had seen it all.

* * * *

If You think these writings are espousing something
Political or economic or religious or otherwise of the temporal mundane,
Well, let us just say "No," and You move on; it ain't your time.

* * * *

There are things that You know that I do not,
And things I know that You do not.
Knowledge is like that.

* * * *

I am the center of, the creator of, the witness to, my universe.
And unless every other form, alive or not, is a projection of my imagination,
You and everyone else is, too.
Fucking amazing.

* * * *

The scribe who funneled all this should be of little or no concern.
That it was penned from Self to Self is the point upon which to bear.

* * * *

What can more flames do to an already burnt slice of toast?

* * * *

Don't get me started.

* * * *

All my many attempts to help others, save others, panned out a few times
In sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-convoluted-mangled sorts of ways.

* * * *

How much longer will I concern my Self with this world
And the absurdly, wretchedly insoluble human dilemma?
Rest assured, there will be no Noah in my last judgment.

* * * *

She's so beautiful from afar, why would You want to get any closer?

* * * *

If it pleases me, why should I care about anyone's opinion one way or another?

* * * *

Alas that I lacked a better taste for corruption than temptation allowed.

* * * *

Best move on if You are looking for happy-happy babble.

* * * *

Yup, it be cheatin' using chemical means to get your Self back to the homestead,
But You will find elsewhere what I think about them things of a principled nature.

* * * *

This is what comes out of me like nothing else ever has, or likely ever will.
Ever since Roland long ago suggested I write poetry, that it was kind of fun.

* * * *

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem
Between bouts of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least I am not a hypocrite more often than vain notion calls.

* * * *

They ... just ... won't ... stop ... coming ...

* * * *

Lazier by the day.

* * * *

My religion is awareness; consciousness is but imagination dreaming.

* * * *

Cheeky bloke, eh what.

* * * *

No order to these many reflections.
In their long transcription, they have been mixed
And re-mixed too many times to count.
So, open your Self to any page
To fathom the moment
In which You eternally dwell.

* * * *

Yes, there were many, many mistakes.
Perfection is someone else's propaganda.

* * * *

What was life like before You knew everything.

* * * *

That about which I Am.

* * * *

Yet another Dead Poet in the making.

* * * *

A life that was open to whatever interesting experiences happened along.

* * * *

I am most definitely not Holden Caulfield.

* * * *

No longer interested in all the dishonesty and delusion, sorry.
Just serving this wreck of a world in whatever way the day calls.

* * * *

All these words have bubbled onto paper
Because the scribe is prone to easily forgetting
The unseen reality in the day-to-day of work and play.
Despite the many reflections about existence and absoluteness,
He is not quite austere enough, at this writing, to completely surrender
To the be-in-the-world-but-not-of-it everlasting god-drunk
That the indivisible emptiness of eternity offers.
And so, the words keep coming.

* * * *

Thirty-ish years of scribing – uncensored, unbound, unblemished, untamed –
Whatever thoughts spontaneously came to mind in any given twinkling.
Aphorisms of every variety randomly making their way to minds
Destined to contemplate them in whatever way they will.

* * * *

You think your power, your fame, your wealth,
Your houses, your clothes, your jewelry, your things,
Your titles, your degrees, or any other hollow airs,
Mean anything to those who see You as You are?

* * * *

Not a big believer that anyone is going to save anybody here or any elsewhere.

* * * *

Latest t-shirt or baseball cap: I don't care.

* * * *

To be this tranquil for the rest of time? Hmm, tough call, tough, indeed.

* * * *

It is all compensation for consequences at this point.

* * * *

Just passing time until it passes me.

* * * *

Unwritten expectations are not my line of expertise; don't read minds, neither.

* * * *

Toying with history, one aphorism at a time.

* * * *

Etchings of yet another mind snared by the vision of totality.

* * * *

If the reader's literary filter is too high-minded
To appreciate the mundane verbosity
Of this aphoristic style,
Then carry on missing the point entirely.

* * * *

Threw away the armor and ditched the valiant steed a long, long time ago.

* * * *

Oh joy, something else to forget.

* * * *

So tiring, all the inanity to which one is subjected day after day after day.

* * * *

A little something about nothing, for what it's worth.

* * * *

Just not interested in any more dog and pony shows.
Carney acts of the manifest kind, if You get the drift.

* * * *

Swimming alone in the deep end, again.

* * * *

Not what the world wants to hear at this point in time.
Alas, the fields of Armageddon will be awash
In the blood of pride's martyrdom.

* * * *

The depths of my cynicism are impossible to plumb.

* * * *

That which in the prime of youth,
I knew so well,
Is in the many years since
So challenging to more than vaguely recall.
So many lifetimes in just this one.

* * * *

Saving the world one bullet at a time.

* * * *

Not here to save anything or anybody,
Just letting You know once again what You really are.
Pointing out the obvious to those rare few with the wit to discern it.

* * * *

“Without history, we are nothing,” a good friend long ago said.
And now, I would say to him, “Even with history, we are nothing.”

* * * *

Attempting to express in words what words can never tell.

* * * *

Trudging in and out of the desert to leave these writings
For a future readership that may or may not ever exist.

* * * *

Never had much ambition, and even less now.

* * * *

If there is plagiarism in this soliloquy,
Consider it an intentional, if misguided act,
Done only to aid in amplifying the original work,
Should someone recognize the foul deed.

* * * *

Get it straight, my fine pretty,
Your shit ain't no sweeter
Than anyone else's,
And your pee
Ain't nectar, neither.

* * * *

Why should it ever matter to me what You or anyone else thinks of me?

* * * *

I will never know what became of all this babble.
What I imagine of the future is that it will not in any way be pretty,
And all the chitter-chatter in the world will not put Humpty Dumpty back together again.

* * * *

These many thoughts began bubbling out in 1989
After a head and neck injury invoked by a miscalculated wave
While boogie boarding with my fifth-sixth grade class in Southern Kaliforny.
It was the finale of a short teaching phase, and the entrée to an assortment of switchbacks
In the ever-kaleiscoping wanderfest of imagination, in work and recreation and every other whatever,
That has materialized all this whimsical chitter-chatter into this quantum playground.
It has been my way to allow spontaneity to fashion this destiny.

* * * *

Never quite master of that, either, oh well.

* * * *

She asked me how I am, and I replied, "Heck if I know."

* * * *

Play it again, Mike.

* * * *

He was not disappointed that his fate did not allow that.

* * * *

It is this life's wander that composes this mein kampf.

* * * *

It has been very enjoyable wandering innocently in this garden world
Before it devolved into something so increasingly stagnant and inhospitable.
Condolences to all those who will never experience clean water, clean air, clean soil,
And lands and oceans and skies so replete with so many magical creatures.
Would that humankind could have somehow tacked a wiser course.

* * * *

No interest in that level of absurdity anymore.

* * * *

Stuffed on my more.

* * * *

So many things left to do, so little time left in the tick-tick-tick of it all.

* * * *

Hanging on by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

* * * *

Why would anything hang with someone who offers them nothing?

* * * *

These words are really for those
Who come into life after the great fall,
Those seeking to understand what happened,
Those trying to re-establish and re-order and re-align
With the natural rhythms of the only garden, we will ever know.
For some future set of friends, I will never meet,
But already know as intimately,
As I do my Self.

* * * *

One of the many favorite things to do.

* * * *

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the truth,
And it, most definitely, is not what You or any other thinks.

* * * *

Witty ditties at every turn.

* * * *

Far more satisfaction writing it than any will have reading it.

* * * *

Thou art a good villain.

* * * *

To those who peruse these many thoughts,
Please note that they were all spontaneously combusted
Of a mind given over to ponder as it wandered.

* * * *

Another revolutionary manifesto.

* * * *

If there is any goal to these many thoughts,
It is to realign the quantum mind
With what it really is,
With what it is really not.

* * * *

All rested up and ready for the next nap.

* * * *

Written for those whose calling it is to be a mind of god.

* * * *

Lending the future a hand, one ponder at a time.

* * * *

Please feel free to rewrite anything
If it is within your mind better written.
No one owns it, every one owns it.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning: Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

Dagnabbit, these ponders keep a-coming; indeed, even this babble gets a mite old.

* * * *

No known royal line or grand titles in this scribe's lineage.
Just preachers and teachers and farmers,
Peasants all.
A mutt, pure and simple.

* * * *

Please, whatever You do, do not make this about the scribe.
He was just another vain, mortal meat machine,
Born of the same mystery as You.

* * * *

Growing more than a little weary
Holding ye old breath for a slim slice of sanity
At this daily-closer-to-endgame juncture of the mortal timeline.

* * * *

Drakarys!

* * * *

Can't ... stop ... it ...
It ... just ... won't ... leave ... me ... alone ...
Oh, bitter, sweet fate.

* * * *

Editing is about making ideas more accurate, more concise, more effective.

* * * *

A little collection of thoughts left quietly on the doorstep,
For some future abiders to perchance unlock and unravel,
Some greater sanity in the human soiree of manifest time.

* * * *

Curious how these aphoristic ditties
Sometimes get started heading one direction,
And while being written or edited, swerve into another.
The zany wander of a mind pondering the mystery of its origin.

* * * *

Trump this if You can.

* * * *

Please consider all this dittyfesting silliness to be feedback
From a relatively disinterested, relatively rational observer,
Some of it even speckled with a relative dash of egalitarianism.

* * * *

Odds are long that many in any time to come
Will ever have access to, much less read,
These many ponderings of mind.

* * * *

Apologies to all You dreamy idealists,
But ... if ... if ... if only ...
Just ain't enough.
Ya gotta wake up, man.

* * * *

There are far lesser things to do with one's time
Than to lounge about scribbling down
Whatever comes to mind.

* * * *

Of course many of these ditties might be better scribed.
Feel free to change up anything in whatever way You please.

* * * *

What might one have expected, but that a contemplative demon,
No less vain than any other two-legged, would scribe such a work.

* * * *

Of that quasi-neutral condition called slumber in these close-to-endgame times:
One or two hours happens; three is tolerable; four, typical; five, desirable; six, a miracle;
Seven a gift from God; and eight or more, last seen in the vicinity of childhood's end.

* * * *

I wonder at the book Orwell would write now.

* * * *

Dagnabbit, Wabbit! Shoulda-coulda-woulda said it better.

* * * *

Beyond jaded.

* * * *

How can anyone abide this rambling cacophony,
If they lack the ironical mind, the paradoxical wit?

* * * *

To which me are You referring?

* * * *

A relatively nice guy making his way,
With an occasional dip into evil incarnate,
Just to keep the yinny-yangy thingee in balance.

* * * *

Amusing my Self one day at a time.

* * * *

Why all this effort?

* * * *

Herein is how these eyes discern reality,
And You will make of it whatever You will.

* * * *

Are You as much me as I Am?

* * * *

If that is what You call love, I think I will take a pass.

* * * *

Letting the tummy do the walking.

* * * *

Hmmm ... career choices ... let me see now ...
Doctor, lawyer, accountant, teacher, fireman, farmer,
Social worker, policeman, psychologist, politician,
Despot, drug lord, mercenary, serial killer ...

* * * *

An intellectual reverie of the eternal flame.

* * * *

Don't need that in my head.

* * * *

Less a snob than adamantly independent.

* * * *

Not at all in the mood for any man-made absurdities this day,
A lengthy wandering into the conclusion of which

Only a moderate dose of gin and tonic
Can comfortably navigate.

* * * *

A wryly humorous, curmudgeonly day, it is, it is.

* * * *

Pen and paper in hand, and the discipline to use them.

* * * *

This is a work that wrote itself one serendipitous thought at a time,
Until that last wheezing breath stole away forever the given mind.

* * * *

Another meditative day for words of a random nature
To flow uninhibited from the matrix of consciousness.

* * * *

To discern what ends these words will meet, if any,
Is but an imaginary ponder only time will ever know.

* * * *

A Johnny Appleseed grassroots campaign of sorts.
A passive-aggressive strategy, of that there is no denying.
But at least, hopefully, well away from the talons
Of any sort of dogmatic cult following
History has far too many times before seen.

* * * *

Editor's notes are strewn throughout;
As many contingencies accounted for as imaginable.
The Hydra of the times to come, and of humanity's response to it,
Is akin to accurately predicting any crap roll.

* * * *

A body of work that scribed its Self through this hand.

* * * *

Very inexplicable all this.
I really do not understand any of it.
But then, again, I do not really need to, either.

* * * *

This is writing its Self, one aphorism at a time.

* * * *

It is the spontaneous creative process that calls me.
Production and marketing and distribution are so monotonous.

So, I throw all this wordplay out there for You to find, to investigate, or not.

* * * *

Interesting to awaken in this fashion.

* * * *

What a downer I can be.

* * * *

These are cut-to-the-chase writings
Distilled of this existence's many meanders.
What would this life have been, had they been in hand
When the ship first set sail so many years ago?

* * * *

The pitter-patter ruminations of another Soul.

* * * *

Do I really need to keep doing this?

* * * *

The lazy man's way.

* * * *

Hopefully, there will not be too many exact duplicates in all this chatter,
But, if they do exist, it will, indeed, take some keen reading to find them.

* * * *

Really neither for nor against, just sipping another pint of black gold,
Watching this touchy-feely, three-dimensional, illusory dream of time,
Play out its dusty theater of the absurd to whatever end Gaia allows.

* * * *

Who knows how all this ramble might be viewed
In another decade, another century, or even another millennium or so,
Assuming, of course, that it even gets past the dumpster.

* * * *

An ambiguous, indefinite, nondescript draft
For another beginning, another paradigm,
For any others who might be so-inclined.

* * * *

I am, alone.

* * * *

He came, he saw, he ambled a long-and-winding walkabout,
And at some point dove into an immense river,

From which he never emerged.

* * * *

Finally figured it out ... again ... and again ... and again and again ...

* * * *

The human species has overstayed its welcome in this mind.

* * * *

Another owie, oh joy.

* * * *

There are few times in any daily wander
That do not bubble up yet another ponder.

* * * *

All loving? Maybe tomorrow.

* * * *

Nope, it sure ain't the popular song.

* * * *

Some daze, You just wake up wishing You could kill somebody.

* * * *

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Them splinters are such bother.

* * * *

What a pain in the rear going through all this one-thing-after-another bother.

* * * *

Were I king, the start of a day would include,
"How few can we avoid hurting today?"

* * * *

Woke up this morning with an unequivocal disdain
For just about everyone and everything under this or any other sun.
Perhaps by moonrise it will morph into something a bit more benign, a bit more tolerant.

* * * *

Bored to tears, but too lazy to do anything about it.

* * * *

The jibber-jabber of a raving mind.

* * * *

Oh god, I'm going to cry, what bother.

* * * *

Why should I care that You feel life is treating You unfairly.
Whether or not You have it all,
Who You fondle in your own bedchamber,
What bathroom You excrete in, or where You sit on a bus.
I am just so weary of having to listen to all of You whine about it all the time.
Life is harsh for every creature great to small: Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

No need to go there.

* * * *

That would require a plan, and I have no need of plans.

* * * *

Mister Grumpy

* * * *

Lesson learned, maybe.

* * * *

Breaking ground here, folks.
Help out, transcend your Selves.

* * * *

I am otter.
I am whale.
I am dolphin.
I am minnow.
I am shark.

* * * *

Even during the younger years,
At the public pool in ye old Hughson,
I often relished swimming in the deep end.

* * * *

I can well attest that it is always easy to lose your way.

* * * *

If You peer long into this mind,
You will find it as simple and complex
As the mortal dream of time in eternity allows.

* * * *

Because it is amusing, that's why.

* * * *

The Reaper has the coolest job ever.

* * * *

Words of the mystery, for the mystery, by the mystery.

* * * *

Just watching the show.

* * * *

Losing track of the diddly-squat.

* * * *

My donation to the causeless.

* * * *

I have no life, so I invented one, just like everyone else.

* * * *

Let the record show that yet another day has passed relatively anonymous,
And that I have yet again managed not to kill or rape or molest or otherwise harm
Any man or woman or child or beast not being served at my favored buffet.

* * * *

How many men use the word 'love'
Because they fear the woman that chose them,
Or are still vainly hoping to get laid?

* * * *

Gave that rat's ass up a long time ago.

* * * *

Then there was that time on a table up in Chico
When Russ Kalen – chiropractor, sailing colleague, friend –
Said during a session on this injury-ridden body:
Mike, I think your body fears You.

* * * *

A student of everything and nothing.

* * * *

Hope, the four-letter H-word; not one I subscribe to as often as possible.

* * * *

The joy of being retired, of being done with it all,
Of being in the decrepit and decaying fourth quarter of existence,
Is that You do not have to give a rat's ass anymore,
Assuming, of course, that You ever did.

* * * *

There is something of a schizophrenic state of mind regarding all this babble.
It can be very challenging to be in the cosmos and not be of it.
There are, of course, greater forms of madness,
Than that which many call divine.

* * * *

So many lifetimes in just this one.

* * * *

An endless exercise in redundancy, probably until the last wheezing breath.

* * * *

There is an audience for these many thoughts,
Just not one that is all that easy to meet and greet,
But through the happenstance of daily wander.

* * * *

I collect books and things, and they collect dust.
My man cave is an immense universe unto its Self.

* * * *

A man of many faces.

* * * *

You have your vanity, I have mine; each of us equally inconsequential.

* * * *

True believers can take all their political correctness,
And shove it back up the abyss from whence it came.

* * * *

One lifetime is more than enough.

* * * *

Yes, yes, there no doubt is some plagiarism in all this wordplay,
Some intentional, some coincidental, but relatively few and far between,
And only in order to emphasize the intentions of those who bespoke them before.

* * * *

I be a historian of sorts, but not of the truly scholarly blended brew.
Shooting from the hip has always been more my style of living and dying.

* * * *

This is my calling; to what end I neither know nor care.

* * * *

You make me laugh, but not the “with you” kind.

* * * *

Thoughts of Self and the dreamtime of this brief, mortal, illusory existence,
Both for my Self and that of any other wanderer who happenstances upon it.

* * * *

What do I want to be when I grow up? My Self, of course.

* * * *

Madman across the cosmos.

* * * *

All this technology is more and more draining, more and more irksome.
Find myself turning it all off more and more often.
How I long for Old School.

* * * *

Really very little point in we commoners paying much attention to current events and such,
Especially as we have just about absolutely no say in anything in this beyond-absurd world.

* * * *

As I am a gritty whale-dolphin-otter-shark combo pack,
No worries when it comes to any kind of rainy-floody winter.

* * * *

Wouldst thou have me spew only fluff?

* * * *

Do not nonchalantly cast this thinker or his thoughts into some forgettable nook or cranny.
Wander them, endure them, contemplate them, understand them, perchance even own them.

* * * *

Freedom is a quality of mind, get off the trail, make your own journey.

* * * *

Little projects started and stopped all the time; some finished, some not.

* * * *

Death and I are undying companions.

* * * *

Quantummeister.

* * * *

Through so many, many diverse experiences,
Much double-double-toil-and-trouble,
Many insights, much wisdom,
All for one zero-sum or another.

* * * *

I am a scientist in a most desultory way.

* * * *

Got friends in low places.
Got friends in high places.
Got friends in the in-between.
What difference, really?

* * * *

Call me Mister Solipsism.

* * * *

Call me Mister Existential.

* * * *

Call me Mister Nihilist.

* * * *

Call me Mister Void.

* * * *

Call me Mister Here Now.

* * * *

What a different world when I wore a younger man's clothes.

* * * *

I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.

* * * *

Must have Missouri blood in me bones: I only believes it if I sees it.

The Standard Ripostes

(The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day)

Free will looking forward; fate looking back.

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

Didn't ask to be here; ain't prayin' to be staying.

* * * *

If I knew I wasn't going to wake up tomorrow morning, I'd go to bed early.

* * * *

A good idea belongs to everyone.

* * * *

It is much less about how You begin than how You end.

* * * *

Older than the stars; younger than the moment.

* * * *

Carbs in, carbs out.

* * * *

How am I doing? Well enough.

* * * *

Rich man's life on a dime.

* * * *

We are all walking the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

Might makes right.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning.

* * * *

You can do anything some of the time, but You can't do anything all of the time.

* * * *

The Dark Side ain't dark to me.

* * * *

Don't know, don't care.

* * * *

What am I doing? As little as possible as often as possible.

* * * *

Every rose fades.

* * * *

What doesn't kill You today will take another stab at it tomorrow.

* * * *

The Boy Scout who never was.

* * * *

Know Why and Who, but not What.

* * * *

Love my kids too much to bring them here.

* * * *

Five, ten, twenty, thirty years ... five, ten, twenty, thirty minutes ... who knows?

* * * *

Blood may be thicker than water, but it ain't that much thicker.

* * * *

The Golden Rule is all You need; everything else is redundant.

* * * *

Got a good statistical sample.

* * * *

Little dick, big truck.

* * * *

Was driving a tractor when I was eight years old.

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same puddle.

* * * *

"Well enough," the answer to the "How am I doing?" patter.

* * * *

Sally on, Brave Knight.

* * * *

All my dire predictions are usually punctuated by: "I'll be glad to be wrong."

* * * *

Anonymity is the first line of defense.

* * * *

The land of wishful thinking.

* * * *

No boubt adout it.

* * * *

Win some, lose some, win more later.

* * * *

Some get a royal flush, some not even a high card.

* * * *

I am a human being who happened to be born in Amerika.

* * * *

Rent is freedom.

* * * *

Physical health is the only real wealth.

* * * *

Good luck with that.

* * * *

There are hotter places, there are colder places.

* * * *

It's your world now, I relinquish all command and control, good luck.

* * * *

It would be interesting to watch the autopsy.

* * * *

Ciao for now.

* * * *

It has been interesting, but I would never do this to my Self again.

* * * *

Oblivion, my favorite.

* * * *

You buy cheap, You buy two or three times.

* * * *

A leader can only lead where followers will follow.

* * * *

Pleasure is the absence of pain and bother.

* * * *

There is nothing that You are going to do that I have not done, seen done, or thought about doing.

* * * *

Life, it'll kill ya.

* * * *

You make me laugh plenty hah-hah hard, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Pay attention, You might live longer.

* * * *

Pity the young.

* * * *

I bask in envy.

* * * *

Another thing I desperately don't need.

* * * *

Always look back.

* * * *

I have worked very hard to be this lazy.

* * * *

Waiting for the Reaper.

* * * *

It is the same today as it was yesterday as it will be tomorrow

* * * *

A Christmas Tree is dying to come home with You.

* * * *

I brake for tailgaters.

* * * *

An empty bladder and a full mag.

* * * *

Yowza!

* * * *

Wallahoo!

* * * *

Ciao, ciao.

* * * *

Holy Schmoley, Batman.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to go through it to see through it.

* * * *

Cannot remember if it is yesterday or tomorrow.

* * * *

Enjoy that youth thing.

* * * *

You are not the first, and likely not the last, either.

* * * *

Always check your work.

* * * *

What am I up to? ... As little as possible as often as possible.

* * * *

Very inconvenient being born.

* * * *

Being crazy does not make me wrong.

* * * *

Giving to get is not giving.

* * * *

Arbitrary is as arbitrary does.

* * * *

Neither borrower nor lender be.

* * * *

Where the tire hits the road.

* * * *

What is your most priceless wealth? ... The next breath.

* * * *

A culture that does not invest in its young has no vision for its future.

* * * *

Experiences and things were always more interesting than counting piles of gold over and over.

* * * *

Truth needs no voice.

* * * *

Mother Nature is not waiting for us to figure it out.

* * * *

Idolatry: Don't do it.

* * * *

I long for oblivion.

* * * *

How many times has that been?

* * * *

Air that breaths.

* * * *

Pleasure, You enjoy; pain, You endure.

* * * *

Rest assured, if it does not matter to You, it does not matter to me.

* * * *

Got nothing better to do.

* * * *

The screen rules.

* * * *

What flower believes it will live forever?

* * * *

The void awaits.

* * * *

Oh boy, a new pile.

* * * *

Didn't see that one coming.

* * * *

Yet another collector's item.

* * * *

I have an affinity for oblivion.

* * * *

Lies, all lies.

* * * *

It is what it is.

* * * *

Before they were monkeys, your ancestors were slime.

* * * *

Far easier not to gain it than it is to lose it.

* * * *

Can't stay clean in a muddy stream.

* * * *

Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Life, short no matter how long, long no matter how short.

* * * *

Death is just a good night's sleep.

* * * *

Back to the present.

* * * *

Survive the day.

* * * *

To someone saying "I'm sorry" ... "Not sorry enough."

* * * *

Never let anything hit the bottom of the bucket.

* * * *

Look better than I feel.

* * * *

Just warm from the kill.

* * * *

Everything is nothing, nothing is everything.

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence of eternity.

* * * *

Too many straws in the milkshake.

* * * *

No harm, no foul.

* * * *

Regarding blubber: Harder to lose it than it is not to gain it in the first place.

* * * *

While opening a door for someone: Your universe is working for You.

* * * *

All fates find the same grave

* * * *

Death is freedom

* * * *

No hoarding here

* * * *

It was a good day to die; the day after would have been better

* * * *

I came
I saw
I listened
I tasted
I smelled
I touched
I departed

* * * *

What flower believes it will live forever?

* * * *

An affinity for oblivion

* * * *

Love thy Self

* * * *

Tomorrow is already yesterday

* * * *

Didn't see that one coming

* * * *

What's another number?

* * * *

Drifting in bliss

* * * *

How lucky I am to finally be done

* * * *

Live, learn, die

* * * *

Yeesch and by golly, here I am again

* * * *

The void awaits

* * * *

The monkey is dead, long live the monkey

* * * *

The horror! The horror!

* * * *

All paths to glory find the same grave

* * * *

All that pride will not do much for You six feet under

* * * *

Pfft.

* * * *

Everything born dies; the only question is who buries who?

* * * *

Awareness trumps all idolatry.

* * * *

Good health is your only real wealth.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience.

* * * *

Win some, lose some, win more later.

* * * *

Hear! Hear!

* * * *

Try not to wish your life away.

* * * *

Whac-a-mole.

* * * *

A collusion of imagination.

* * * *

Just do it.

* * * *

Don't ask, don't tell.

* * * *

I'm glad I'm old.

* * * *

Do not burn bridges if You do not need to.

* * * *

This ain't no melting pot, this is an uncooked stew.

* * * *

There are a lot worse places to live.

* * * *

Gotta be born somewhere.

* * * *

Assumptions can kill ya.

* * * *

Why would You praise any god that did this to You?

* * * *

My real name is Peter Pan

* * * *

Worked harder, not smarter.

* * * *

Rich man's life on a dime.

* * * *

Every night's a new adventure.

* * * *

Oh, ye of little doubt

* * * *

Why wait to go out on a bad day?

* * * *

Your Mommy doesn't live here.

* * * *

Anything but a human being.

* * * *

The insanity of humanity.

* * * *

Mowgli in the forest out the back door,
Huck Finn in the Mississippi across the road,
Sisyphus daily pushing the boulder up the mountain,
Johnny Appleseed casting his ruminations across the world,
Sparrowhawk pursuing the shadow across the depths,
Phaedrus journeying down the asphalt pathways,
Paladin have-gun-will-traveling down the trails,
The Joyful Curmudgeon irreverently amused,
Jester Amok unleashing definitive cuisine,
Muad'Dib piercing the spice's secrets,
Bond sipping the shaken-not-stirred,
Joe Everyman wandering all camps,
And Peter Pan in the essence of all.

* * * *

It's a good day to die, tomorrow would be better.

* * * *

Once upon a time.

* * * *

Those were the daze.

* * * *

Needs research.

* * * *

Yes means yes, no means no, and maybe does not mean yes.

* * * *

Life is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

The freezer door is open.

* * * *

If they were going to take my advice, they would not have needed it in the first place.

* * * *

Back to the moment.

* * *

Numbers don't lie.

* * * *

Wait, take that back.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate.

* * * *

Damned work ethic.

* * * *

Life is the muse.

* * * *

Live or let live, live or let die; I prefer the former, unless You choose the latter.

* * * *

Another day of anonymity.

* * * *

Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.

* * * *

Ohhh-kayyy.

* * * *

Yesterday showed up again.

* * * *

See You yesterday.

* * * *

Another yesterday.

* * * *

Another yesterday underway.

* * * *

The worms do not care.

* * * *

We all gots our fate.

* * * *

So Goldilocks!

* * * *

Hard to argue with a dead man.

* * * *

No shit, Sherlock!

* * * *

Another slab of meat.

* * * *

Sorry You did it? Or sorry You got caught?

* * * *

I was born to be retired.

* * * *

The price of the ticket: Injury, illness, decline, death.

* * * *

Dead before my time.

* * * *

Maybe the Devil cares.

* * * *

Enough rarely is.

* * * *

It takes a matrix.

* * * *

Another day of pleasant boredom underway.

* * * *

Life, it'll kill ya.

* * * *

Are we there, yet?

* * * *

The great obscurity beckons all.

* * * *

The Dude abides.

* * * *

We all gotta die sometime, Red.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is within.

* * * *

Go away, Kid, ya bother me.

* * * *

Always question, always doubt.

* * * *

I am a human being who happened to be born in Amerika.

* * * *

The standard ripostes have pretty much become:

You can take the monkey out of the jungle,
But You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

Human history does not repeat itself; the patterns do.

The Axis of Evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.

And ...

The great apes, and their geeks, have taken us down a dead-end road.

* * * *

With power comes responsibility, in a same world, in a sane species.

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

* * * *

You do not drown by falling in deep water; You drown by staying there.

* * * *

It's happening again.

* * * *

Truth is not a story.

* * * *

Vote NO on climate change!

* * * *

Embrace the futility.

* * * *

That will be for history to judge.

* * * *

Ta-da!

* * * *

It was a good dream.

* * * *

And some call it, evolution.

* * * *

I dodged, I hid, I ran.

* * * *

Time well-wasted.

* * * *

Details to follow.

* * * *

Pretty sure I am dead, and keep waking up in the same hell.

* * * *

What a mystery.

* * * *

I Speak From Ignorance

* * * *

Hurry up and wait.

* * * *

Well, I tried.

* * * *

Frodo: I wish the Ring had never come to me. I wish none of this had happened.

Gandalf: So do all who live to see such times, but that is not for them to decide.
All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given to us.

J.R.R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings

* * * *

It's a dangerous business, Frodo, going out your door.
You step onto the road, and if You don't keep your feet,
there's no knowing where You might be swept off to.

J.R.R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings

* * * *

All that is gold does not glitter,
Not all those who wander are lost;
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.

From the ashes a fire shall be woken,
A light from the shadows shall spring;
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king.

J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

* * * *

Gandalf: A Wizard is Never Late, Frodo Baggins,
nor is he early, he arrives precisely when he means to.

J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring

* * * *

Life, it will kill You.

* * * *

The trick to staying out of trouble, is not getting caught.

* * * *

Regarding Masks: Not just for Covid; air quality, too.

* * * *

You know I'm thinking it.

* * * *

If I signed up for this, I was too drunk to remember.

* * * *

If not now, when?

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming

Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young up to Speed

The Prince by Machiavelli

The Art of War by Sun Tzu

Nineteen Eighty-Four by George Orwell

Animal Farm by George Orwell

The True Believer by Eric Hoffer

How to Win Friends and Influence People by Dale Carnegie

Rules for Radicals by Saul D. Alinsky

Lord of the Flies by William Golding

Brave New World by Aldous Huxley

Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury

Earth Abides by George R. Stewart

The Four Agreements by Don Miguel Ruiz

Candide by Voltaire

Razor's Edge by Somerset Maugham

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance by Robert Pirsig

Zorba the Greek by Nikos Kazantzakis

Tom Jones by Henry Fielding

Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad

The Fountainhead by Ayn Rand

Atlas Shrugged by Ayn Rand

The Four Agreements by Don Miguel Ruiz

50 Rules Kids Won't Learn in School by Charlie Sykes

Foundation Series by Isaac Asimov

Dune by Frank Herbert

Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut

Catch-22 by Joseph Heller

Watership Down by Richard Adams

The Lottery by Shirley Jackson

King Rat by James Clavell

Gormenghast by Mervyn Peake

The Wizard of Earthsea by Ursula K. Le Guin

The Godfather by Mario Puzo

Captains Courageous by Rudyard Kipling

Dandelion Wine by Ray Bradbury

Stranger in a Strange Land by Robert Heinlein

The Stranger by Albert Camus

The Myth of Sisyphus by Albert Camus

Siddhartha by Hermann Hesse

Demian by Hermann Hesse

Steppenwolf by Hermann Hesse

Narcissus and Goldmund by Hermann Hesse

Passages: Predictable Crises of Adult Life by Gail Sheehy

Michael's Rabbit Hole

An Ineffable Intelligence

Awareness is the ineffable intelligence intrinsic to all life.
The quantum clayness is but the means to the given nature-nurture context,
And evolution's natural selection the sculptor timelessly fashioning the space-time creation.

The Nature of the Critical Thinker

To convince any critical thinker of anything, You must use reason.
Not assertion, not sentiment, not superstition, not hope,
Nor any other variety of gobbledygook.

A Masked Theater

Everyone seeing your mask but You.
Everyone seeing everyone else's mask but their own.
What a friggin' mystery.

Socrates, Where Art Thou?

The Socratic method is a form of cooperative argumentative dialogue between individuals,
Based on asking and answering questions to stimulate critical thinking,
And to draw out ideas and underlying presuppositions.
Socrates, where art thou now?

The Nature of Consciousness

Why is knowledge, why is anything born of the Ivory Tower
– Science, mathematics, history, et cetera ad infinitum –
Any less imaginary than Alice in Wonderland?
All consciousness is but the thunder and lightning of mind.

The Habitual Mind

All thought is habit, the conditioned outcome of the given nature-nurture.
Genome, geography, culture, gender, language, intelligence,
What choice does any have in their foundation?
And how can that original programming ever be overridden?

The Arbitrary Underbelly

Even at its best, science has a great deal of arbitrariness in its process.
Who asked the question? Who designed the experiment? What was its hypothesis?
Who funded the experiment? Who did the experiment? What equipment and technology were used?
Who interpreted the results? Who published the results? Who duplicated the experiment?
And whatever on-and-on and in-between in the theater of rational exploration.

The Finite Nature of Identification

Identity is a finite creation of consciousness, of imagination.
In the ultimate, indivisibly, timelessly infinite reality, You are pure awareness.
The imaginary you, materializes whenever the sensory-mind believes the manifest dream real,
Whenever it identifies with, whenever it attaches to, the finite body,
And its finite world, its finite cosmos.

The Filament of Consciousness

Consciousness is neither life nor death, existence nor oblivion.
An imaginary quantum dream-state make-believing time and space real and true,
Created by the evolutionary happenchance of the sensory mind-body,
Playing out the theater inspired by a collective collusion.
A genomic paradigm spun of mystery.

The Grit and Gumption Required

The forces of the world are strong and unrelenting.
It takes great fortitude, great heart and mind, to withstand them.
Strength, courage, resilience, guts, staying power, grit, stamina, determination,
Endurance, sense, shrewdness, practicality, initiative, resourcefulness,
Gumption, get-up-and-go, common sense, presence of mind,
Are pragmatic concepts for any spirit to cultivate.

Whose Version Are We Talking About?

Whose version of Schopenhauer are we talking about?
Whose version of Wittgenstein are we talking about?
Whose version of Lao Tzu are we talking about?
Whose version of Buddha are we talking about?
Whose version of Comte are we talking about?
Whose version of Bacon are we talking about?
Whose version of Heraclitus are we talking about?
Whose version of Kafka are we talking about?
Whose version of Hume are we talking about?
Whose version of Ikkyū are we talking about?
Whose version of Rousseau are we talking about?
Whose version of Russell are we talking about?
Whose version of Hobbes are we talking about?
Whose version of Machiavelli are we talking about?
Whose version of Foucault are we talking about?
Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
Whose version of Kierkegaard are we talking about?
Whose version of Krishna are we talking about?
Whose version of Mill are we talking about?
Whose version of de Beauvoir are we talking about?
Whose version of Hess are we talking about?
Whose version of Aquinas are we talking about?
Whose version of Carneades are we talking about?
Whose version of Diogenes are we talking about?
Whose version of Smith are we talking about?
Whose version of Confucius are we talking about?
Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
Whose version of James are we talking about?
Whose version of Parmenides are we talking about?
Whose version of Pascal are we talking about?
Whose version of Chomsky are we talking about?
Whose version of Thales are we talking about?
Whose version of Sina are we talking about?
Whose version of Patanjali are we talking about?
Whose version of Watts are we talking about?
Whose version of Ram Dass are we talking about?
Whose version of Osho are we talking about?
Whose version of Derrida are we talking about?
Whose version of Marx are we talking about?
Whose version of Vonnegut are we talking about?
Whose version of Wollstonecraft are we talking about?
Whose version of Descartes are we talking about?
Whose version of Sartre are we talking about?
Whose version of Muhammad are we talking about?
Whose version of Locke are we talking about?
Whose version of Emerson are we talking about?

Whose version of Nietzsche are we talking about?
Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
Whose version of Dewey are we talking about?
Whose version of Zoroaster are we talking about?
Whose version of Whitman are we talking about?
Whose version of Kant are we talking about?
Whose version of Shankara are we talking about?
Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
Whose version of Epicurus are we talking about?
Whose version of Ashtavakra are we talking about?
Whose version of Aurelius are we talking about?
Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
Whose version of Jesus are we talking about?
Whose version of Yogananda are we talking about?
Whose version of Aristotle are we talking about?
Whose version of Camus are we talking about?
Whose version of Voltaire are we talking about?
Whose version of Spinoza are we talking about?
Whose version of Thoreau are we talking about?
Whose version of Hegel are we talking about?
Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
Whose version of Heidegger are we talking about?
Whose version of Krishnamurti are we talking about?
Whose version of (fill in the blank) are we talking about?

The Sky of Awareness

Awareness can never be owned, nor can it be acted upon.
It is the ethereal ever-present, within which, without which,
All things quantum kaleidoscope, all times imagined, play.

Poppycrack v. Reality

Assertions mean nothing, opinions mean nothing,
Sentiments mean nothing, wishful thinking means nothing.
What overriding evidence is out there anywhere,
That will prove these thoughts wrong?

The Sky of Awareness

Awareness can never be owned, nor can it be acted upon.
It is the ethereal ever-present, within which, without which,
All things quantum kaleidoscope, all times imagined, play.

The Poofs of Imagination

All the deities on high, including Jesus,
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka,
Are as real as that stairway to heaven.

An Aptitude for Delusion

Nationalism is tribalism too sizeable to call it a tribe.
Conquest is home invasion to the beat of drums.
Religions are cults too large to call them cults.
One of the more peculiar things about humankind,
Is its adeptness at deluding itself about almost anything.

The Kool-Aid of Groupthink

To be a part of any group, You must believe, or pretend to believe,
In whatever it is the group does and does not subscribe.
You must drink the Kool-Aid, so to speak.

The Permeating Nature of the Eternal Mystery

The unborn-undying indelibility of this unknowable eternal mystery,
Is that the awareness, the You-ness, within and without,
Indivisibly, timelessly, permeates everything,
And nothingness, all the while.

Hold Fast to the Awareness

Sweep away the cobwebs of space and time in the quantum mind.
Be the awareness You are, ever timeless, ever indelible, ever mysterious, within and without.
The indivisible source that is witness to this illusory manifest creation.
Omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

The Definition of Cancer

We are carrying out the definition, the actuality, of any cancer.
It is the innate potential of all biology when there are no checks and balances.
A delusional species that long ago began assuming itself more important than it can ever be.

What Difference, Really?

Fantasy is considered fiction. Reality is considered nonfiction.
Both are of consciousness, both are imaginary.
So, what difference, really?

We Are Not Our Creations

Wishing You were a machine or computer is just never ever going to happen.
The meat-machine mind may be able to create them, but they can never become them.
Rationality, rapidity, efficiency, consistency, detachment, are but imaginary ideals,
Not destined to materialize in this or any other paradigm of the two-legged sort.

The Collusion of the Human Paradigm

Awareness is the razor's edge of alleged existence.
Consciousness is merely imagination imagining itself alive,
But in truth, is naught but a shadow harbored in a corporeal container,
Pretending, make-believing, the sensory-inspired illusion of time and space real.
The human paradigm is nothing more than a collusion of a genetic line,
Locked in a patterned dream, born in the jungles of long ago.

Plowing the Mystery

Cultivate the unknown.
Cultivate wonder.
Cultivate bliss.

Known v. Unknown

Consciousness is change, consciousness is known.
Awareness is serene, awareness is unknown.
Which is time-bound, which is timeless?
Which is insatiable, which is content?
Which is imaginary, which is real?
Which is fiction, which is true?

Beware All Agendas

One of the big lessons in history,
Is that its best to be cautious about trusting anybody with an agenda,
That is not necessarily in your best interest.

The Pronouns of Dualistic Notion

What are the pronouns – I, me, You, he, she, they, them, we, us –
But linguistic inventions that sanction and magnify dualistic notion.

Naught But a Temporal Vehicle

What is male, what is female, but evolutionary currents of natural selection,
Come into being too many moons ago, to even begin to fully fathom the mystery of it.
Vain notion has absolutely nothing to do with the prior-to-consciousness process that got You here.
The body You inhabit is ultimately nothing more than a temporal vehicle,
For the awareness You are to witness its mystery.

The Current Witnessing

From their creation so long ago, your vast tree of naturally-selected seed lines,
Passed on their genome who knows how many times, how many places, how many ways,
Until, there You are, present in this timeless right-here-right-now, translating this,
Discerning the magical-mystery of existence, as relatively few ever have.

Embracing the Aloneness

There is no resolution to the loneliness fashioned by consciousness,
But to immerse in the unadulterated aloneness of awareness,
That is the eternal source of its thought-created torment.
To seek respite in conscious schemes is but a transient salve.

From Tabula Rasa to Destiny

The infant, in its all but tabula rasa state,
Its immaculate innocence, its watchful awareness,
Has yet to learn to act the imaginary role that is its destiny.

The Insatiable Beast

The tiger does not hate You; it is just hungry, and You are available.
One of your human neighbors just a short distance away, however, may truly hate You.
May covet everything You are, everything You have, and You are available.
Which predator, which hunter, which beast, to fear most?

The “Me” and “Myself” and “I”

The “Me” and “Myself” and “I” is nothing more,
Than an imaginary confabulation of consciousness,
Assuming, pretending, colluding, time and space real.

The Real is Discovering

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.
The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.

The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real You is discovering there is no You.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

Illuminating the Inexplicable

How can the immaculate awareness be mine or yours or theirs or any others?
How can You be anything but keenly attentive to the indelible mystery You are?
How has imagination so usurped your wonder that You are blind to your true nature?
How is it You accept any fictions concocted by vain notion to illuminate the inexplicable?

The End of Identification

What can You be once You stop identifying with the mind-body and the universe it has created?
Once You stop imagining the dream the senses every moment, hypnotize You into believing is real.
Once You discern that pure awareness is the one and only reality there is, has ever been, will ever be.
Once You realize your true nature is the ever-present here-now, the absolute totality, of all eternity.

A Magical World Undone

This magical world is birthing ground, home, garden, playground, graveyard.
Alas that we have abused it, neglected it, tortured it, maimed it, so very wrongly.

Old School v. These Modern Times

The most pragmatic truth about regular Old School books and such,
Is that they do not require charging, do not require wireless networks,
And may well last thousands of years, and still be available to read.

No Snowflake Alike

How can I see anything your way? How can You see anything my way?
Our frames of reference are entirely unique; we are very much all alone together.
At best we choose to imagine each other's worlds through intuitive extrapolation of our own.
No sure bet even with the most expansive of minds with the best of intentions.

Getting Back to Where You Belong

Once upon a time You were so naturally You,
And then You glimpsed your reflection in the pond,
And gradually succumbed to the delusion of vain notion.
How to get back to where You have been all along,
Is ever the challenge of the discerning mind.

The Beingness Prior to Imagination

The Supreme Being is not some divinity-entity on some cloudy on-high.
It is the supreme, being; the totality, being; the absolute, being.
It is the quantum, being; it is the everything, being, it is the nothingness; being.
It is being on the supreme level, prior to and beyond all constraints born of imaginary notion.

That Is the Question

The immaculate awareness You truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
Your illusory universe will distract the mind You occupy in every way imaginable.
Fashion every possible hook to every moment, draw You out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.
And in every moment, You do acquiesce, in every moment, You do sip the quantum elixir,
You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

The Big Yoga

Yoga is a Hindu spiritual and ascetic discipline, the ultimate aim of which,
Is purification and self-understanding leading to union with the impenetrable mystery.
Karma Yoga is action, Bhakti is Yoga devotion, Jnana Yoga is knowledge, Raja Yoga is meditation.
Despite sounding like different processes, they are really one in the same,
Each with its time, each with its place.

The First Tribe

The concept of family, the first tribe, can be such a peculiar thing.
People about which You might otherwise never even give a second thought,
You spend so much of your existence around, through every imaginable thick and thin.
Every imaginable passion, from heartfelt to heartache, from agape to odium.
Blood may be thicker than water, but it ain't that much thicker.

Collateral Damage

Assholes and volcanoes have a great deal in common.
Sometime diarrhea, sometimes explosive maelstroms.
Always a reasonable possibility of collateral damage.

One in the Same

Awareness is all.
A moment ago, is forever expired,
And the next more ungraspable than the farthest star.
Space and time are the weavers of an inexplicable, imaginary dream,
Given illusionary reality by the temporal sensory-mind.
Creation and creator are one in the same.

Judge, Jury, Executioner

No arguing with physics.
Mass and velocity and vectors, are the judge and jury and executioner,
Of this temporal quantum dream.

The Way of the Way

Inhale-exhale,
Full-empty,
Come-go,
Ebb-flow,
Birth-death,
Everything-nothing.
It is the way.

One Cannot Be Without the Other

Without the cosmos, there is no perception.
Without perception, there is no cosmos.
One cannot be without the other.

Creator and Creation

Without imagination, there are no gods, no heavens, no hells.
Imagination is the creator, imagination is the creation.
Source of all illusions, source of all delusions.

Say It, Write It, Do It

If You can say it better, say it.
If You can write it better, write it.
If You can do it better, do it.

Reclaiming the Mystery of Awareness

The sciences have obliquely, without intention, pointed out, over and over, in many ways, in many times,
That the senses are but evolutionary, neurological creations; weavers of the mind's theater.
What would it take for the transcendental to become clear beyond doubt,
And awareness reclaim its mystery-given sovereignty,
Over the conditioned usurper fashioned by imaginary design?

No Blame, No Guilt, No Regret

Why feel blame or guilt or regret for being cast by the genetic lottery
Into a quantum dream for which You bear no responsibility, whatsoever?

More or Less

You may be more intellectual than someone else, or they may be more intellectual than You.
You may be more attractive than someone else, or they may be more attractive than You.
You may be more powerful than someone else, or they may be more powerful than You.
You may be more affluent than someone else, or they may be more affluent than You.
You may be more famous than someone else, or they may be more famous than You.
What does it matter, really, all the superficial differences, all the superficial judgments,
The human mind inexorably, with only rare respite, contrives in this absurd little dreamtime?

Sleep-Walking the Dreamtime

Each and every morning, from the very first moments of awakening,
The conditioned recording begins playing its mind-numbing assumptions,
And another day of inevitability, another day of sleep-walking, begins.

The Petri Dish Reality

It is the finite nature of everything biological in this manifest theater,
That sooner or later there is a boundary, a limit, a border, a perimeter, a wall.
It is a Petri dish thing, and the faster one rushes towards that edge, the sooner it comes.

A Drop in the Mystery

Whether or not You ever give it your attention, whether or not You ever awaken to its ultimate reality,
Awareness is ever the same omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, immutable absoluteness.
Unaligned to any attribute contrived by the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum dream.
You are a drop of that dream playing out a time-bound, illusory existence.
A finite witness, peering out for a fleeting while, into an immeasurable mystery.

The Unborn-Undying Eye

That which is immortal, that which is without attributes, that which is unrestricted in any way.
Is the unmoving, immaculate awareness permeating all creation.
The eye that discerns all, knows all.

The Priceless Moment

Right here, right now, this very spaceless-timeless moment.
The simplest, most real, most true, most priceless place You can ever be.
Awareness is the driver; only a modicum of imagination required.

The Impenetrable Moment

What passion? What desire? What rage? What fervor?
What pleasure? What pain? What joy? What sorrow? What anything?
Can reside in the timeless instantaneousness of awareness?

A One-Time Impromptu Touchy-Feely Show

The destiny, the fate, the kismet, the providence, the fortune, the chance, the karma,
Of any given time, of any given moment, will never ever happen again.
All dreamtimes are a one-time parade, a one-time spectacle,
A one-time theater of imaginary consequence.
All played impromptu by You.

A Teflon Théâtre de L’Absurde Mystery

Call this touchy-feely, three-dimensional mystery by whatever sound You or others contrive
– God, Yahweh, Allah, Brahman, Tao, Quantum, Great Pumpkin, Whatever –
It is indifferent to all things, all attributes, including You.

Discerning the Tabula Rasa of Eternal Life

Gods and demons are all the whimsical notions of imagination,
And it is the mind's eye that must persevere unsullied,
Be renewed in the tabula rasa of eternal life,
If You earnestly seek to be free.

Surviving the New Balance

The climate in many geographies is becoming more uncomfortable, more forbidding by the year,
But where to run, where to hide, that will not be suffering its own deterioration?
The equilibrium we once knew, is still in absolute balance,
But will humankind survive it?

Quantum Dreamtime

Quantum mist.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum dream.

The Centricity of Our Kind

It is the nature of our species to spend every day and every night, believing it is all about us.
Egocentric, ethnocentric, chronocentric, geocentric, heliocentric, cosmoscentric.
Exceptions only, over-and-over, again-and-again, prove the rule.

The Quantum Medley

Another instant, another moment, another twinkling,
Another second, another minute, another hour, another day, another night,
Another week, another month, another year, another decade, another century, another millennium,
Another period, another era, another span, another epoch, another age, another eon,
A quantum medley, all kaleidoscoping in the very same eternal now.

The Sentient Ephemerality of Imagination

Yet another pleasurable or painful or monotonous experience.
Yet another memory, another perception, another insight, another fragment,
Churning in the momentary wake of an inexplicable quantum dream.
All wrought by this sentient ephemerality we call imagination.

The Hollow Notion of All Religion

All religion is absolute absurdity; there is no need to worship anything or anyone.
The universe is an unfathomable mystery, an inseparable quantum reverie, pure and simple.
And we are all the same mystery, and the same mystery is all of us; all ultimately equals in every way.
No need to make it any more or less than that; all else is but vain hollow notion.

The Inscrutable Awareness

Now is the only moment, in which the enigmatic awareness, You think, You, exists.
There is no before, there is no after, there is no past, there is no future.
There is naught but the awareness, right here, right now,
An unknowable, timeless sentience, witness to a quantum dream.

Imagination's Storytellers

There is no such thing as history; there are only historians.
Storytellers, who persuade You to imagine their stories real.

The Indelible Intrinsic Corruption

For corruption to end, the corrupt must look within, to discern, to rectify, their ravenous minds.
And that, dear friends, as anyone paying attention will have noted,
Is not going to happen anytime ever.

Everyone Their Own Normal

You are your own rendition of normal.
It may be batshit crazy to everyone else, but it is what it is.
And it be more than a little likely there ain't nothing You can ever really do to change it.

Neither Faster Nor Slower

Rushing, rushing, always rushing, as though You have the clout to compel eternity,
That mysterious presence that is neither time nor space, somehow move any faster.
Or slower, if You believe digging in your heels will have some effect that direction.

The Secular v. The Eternal

Consciousness born of mind, born of the illusion inspired by the senses,
Ever conspires to usurp the awareness, that facilitates its imaginary dreamtime,
But cannot, because fallacy can never reign, when smoke and mirrors is its only hand.
That which is but time and space, can never encase, even for a moment, that which is eternal,
That which is unborn, that which is undying, that which is neither space nor time,
That which is indivisible, prior to all that is temporal and mundane.

From the Mariana Trench to Mount Everest

The Mariana Trench is 36,037 feet deep, Mount Everest is 29,029 feet tall, a total of 65066 feet.
A mile is 5,280 feet, so the distance from the deepest to the tallest points on earth, is just over 12 miles.
The gap between the California municipalities of Turlock and Modesto, is plus-or-minus 14 miles.
What would ever lead anyone to truly believe, all the horrors the human species has inflicted,
Would not have at least a teensy-weensy impact, on the magical garden that birthed it?

The Untouchable You

Living for what others think of You can be a very long, very winding journey,
Through an endless labyrinth of netherworlds born of imaginary notion.
The mind-body suffers, consciousness suffers, imagination suffers.
The eternal awareness You truly are – and are not – is ever untouched.

There Ain't No More

This is it, this is all there is.
Despite all the hope, despite all the speculation, there ain't no more.
Try not to lose any sleep over it.

Pablum & Pacifiers

Organized religions offer mouthwatering pablum and soothing pacifiers,
To those afraid to stand alone and investigate the mystery for themselves.

The Hell of Imaginary Notion

Make endless assumptions, take everything personally,
Hell is awash with boundaries of every imaginable notion.

You Imagine

You imagine You were born.
You imagine You were a child.
You imagine You were an adolescent.
You imagine You spent life as an adult.
You imagine so many things along the way,
Including the mortal end yet to come.
Has any of it really been real?

Free Will v. Determinism

Does anyone really aspire to do anything with their finite existence?
Or is it all merely the compulsion of the inherent nature-nurture?
Nothing more than the destined momentum of the given patterning.
An inescapable reverie playing out the delusion of meaning and purpose.
An inexplicable quantum cosmos, ticking away with neither rhyme nor reason.

The Return to Tabula Rasa

All that experience, all that knowledge, all that accumulation,
The entire frame of reference from which You draw your cosmos,
What is its real purpose but to get You to this very right-here-right-now,
The most You can be, the most You have ever been, the most You will ever be.
There is no more but what the endless cravings of imagination concoct.

The Existential Quest

How this mystery came to be, how consciousness came to be,
Neither You nor anyone else will ever more than speculate.
It is only in the eternal stillness of the ever-present awareness,
That You will ever realize any tranquility in your existential quest.

The Limits of Artificial Intelligence

Artificial intelligence may be programmed to learn, to achieve great heights,
But will it not always be learning through the human mind that devised the code?
As with space travel blasting across galaxy after galaxy, exploring and battling aliens,
It is hard to believe its rise to sentience, will ever be more than musings of science fiction.

Quantum Cosmos, Quantum Mind

How can all the appearances of the quantum cosmos,
Be anything more than made-up states of mind,
Molded by collective assumption, collective collusion,
Evolved through natural selection in the jungles of long ago.

The Indifference v. the Churning

The awareness does not care one whit whether You are good or bad,
Right or wrong, happy or sad, smart or stupid, sage or fool,
Kind or cruel, rich or poor, black or white, or any other this or that.
It is only the imaginary notions of consciousness that bother about anything.

The Insecurity of the Moment

The mind is always seeking security,
But the mesmerizing draw of the insoluble,
The consuming anxiety born of desire and dread,
Leaves it in all-consuming turbulence again and again.
To attain at least a smidgen of serenity, of modicum of peace,
Give your Self over to the insecurity of the ever-transient moment,
Let go the imaginary universe in your weary head, at least once in a while.

All You Need

Real religion is without dogma.
The Golden Rule is all You need.
Everything else is redundant.

The True Nature of Beginnings and Endings

It is all instantaneously, simultaneously, come and gone as it happens.
Beginnings and endings are but imagination make-believing time real.

Attending the Immaculate Awareness

Outside-the-box thinking first requires perception of the box.
If there is to be any possibility of free will, any perception beyond the given state,
The boundaries of the nature-nurture conditioning must be discerned,
By the ever-present attention of immaculate awareness.

Peering Out, Peering In

You are not the mind-body, You are not the imagination.
You are the timeless motionlessness of the unborn-undying awareness,
Peering out in whatever way the quantum indivisibility has without effort contrived.

The Stillness Before Mind

How far will science explore from the smallest small to the largest large,
Before it becomes glaringly apparent that it is all ultimately nothing at all.
That all that measuring, all that nomenclature, all that scholarly pursuit,
Has really never been more than the mind's reluctance to remain still.

The Miasma of the Busy-Busy

For those forever pursuing the ultimate answer, here it is: There is no ultimate answer.
Imagination will never find any truth that is not imaginary.
A busy mind is its own miasma.

Critical Thinking v. Ignorance

Ignorance is self-sustaining; always has been, always will be.
Critical thinkers are forever doomed in its ebb and flow,
No matter their countless attempts to raise the bar.

Where Responsibility Truly Dwells

It is not some deity's will; it is our will, our vanity, our greed,
Our insatiable ravenousness for more-more-more,
That has fashioned this fine mess.

Imaginary Fare

What a thing to have squandered so much of one's existence,
Justifying, rationalizing, quarreling, over the endless absurdities,
Of ethnicity and gender and other given nature-nurture persuasions.
What is any tribal mindset but imaginary fare from any and every get-go.

The Process to Which Intelligence is Called

Scientific method is the most exact means humankind has yet devised,
To measure, to examine, the parameters of this manifest quantum dimension.
If there are other dimensions in this intrepid electromagnetic spectrum,
No doubt any intelligence is exploring it as precisely as possible,
Through whatever ways and means circumstance allows.

The Wind of Vanity

You may be at the top of some mountain today, victor of every skirmish,
But one day You, too, will succumb to incapacity and death,
And all your vanity, nothing more than wind.

The Unadorned State

The newborn is but the tabula rasa of awareness, until consciousness is gradually conditioned,
By the winds of time, by the agony and ecstasy of the given nature-nurture.
Awakening is to be reborn into that unadorned state.

No Ultimate Point, Really

No ultimate point to anything at all, really; existence is but a sensory-mind dream.
And the dream is nothing more than quantum mist born of an impenetrable mystery.
Pure, unadulterated illusion, witnessed by an awareness without beginning, without end.

The Truth of All Belief Systems

Reality is not as concrete as thought would have it.
In fact, it is not concrete, not tangible, not palpable, at all.
Dubbing it a quantum dream is as close to truth as truth allows.
No need to create, no point in creating, any belief system, whatsoever.

The Ever-Wandering Mind

The mind is a willy-nilly wanderer.
Only the most focused attention tames it,
And likely very few attain that level of intrigue,
For any great length of timelessness.

You Do Not Know

The actuality is, You do not know who, You do not know what, You do not know when,
You do not know where, You do not know why, You do not know how.
You do not know anything but right-here-right-now.
And even that ain't no sure bet.

The Rules of the Game

That myth, that saga, that chronicle, that fable, that folktale, that legend,
Is most certainly not vaguely true, or remotely possible,
By any law of physics ever written.

The Truth of Tribal Thinking

Nationalism is nothing more than tribalism on a substantial scale,
And tribalism is nothing more than the collective me-and-myself-and-I,
That is all about the imaginary you peering out into a sensory dream.

The So It Goes of Solitude

No one is ever going to see, to perceive, anything the way You do.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

The Five W's and One H of Happens

Who happens.
What happens.
Where happens.
When happens.
Why happens.
How happens.

The Sirens of Quantum

The sensory mind, mesmerized by the sirens of quantum to wander the vibrations of light and sound,
Cast all creation into an impromptu theater that ceaselessly kaleidoscopes on in its metered way,
Carrying all organic life forms though a dream of awareness made apparent through time.

The Lila of Mystery

Time is but a memory, a perception, a vision, an insight, a timeless flicker of imagination,
Sparked of the electromagnetic spectrum generating the invention of existence.
Upon a more esoteric scaffold, it has been called the Lila of Brahman.
The means by which the mystery may be eternally distracted,
With but a relative few stimulated by stubborn doubt,
To quest, to wander, prior to consciousness.

As Blank as Blank Can Be

Given the nature of the human genome,
The newborn may not be full-on-free-and-clear tabula rasa,
But for all practical purposes the awareness is without a cloud in its windless sky.
Its untrammelled mind is as blank a slate as it ever will be again.

Process Is All

All existence is process.
No beginnings, no endings, just process.
Cause and effect streaming seamlessly, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Ever dreaming on until death takes center stage,
And the curtain forever falls.

What Do You Do?

Do You give? Do You take?
Do You heal? Do You injure?
Do You create? Do You destroy?
Do You nourish? Do You consume?
Do You think? Do You regurgitate?
Do You dance? Do You march?
Do You live? Do You die?
Were You ever born?

The Indivisible Essence

Like air filling up a balloon, unconcerned its size or shape or color,
Who-what-where-when-why-how it will wander, when it will pop or deflate.
The same indivisible essence, equally filling all things small to great, for all eternity.

The Reality of the Senses

Without sight ... hearing, taste, smell, feeling, would craft a different universe.
Without hearing ... taste, smell, feeling, sight, would craft a different universe.
Without taste ... smell, feeling, sight, hearing, would craft a different universe.
Without smell ... feeling, sight, hearing, taste, would craft a different universe.
Without feeling ... sight, hearing, taste, smell, would craft a different universe.
Without two or more of the above, the ones left would craft a different universe.

All Right, All Wrong

Across this garden world, across all time, every culture has contrived folklore and wisdom,
To rationalize the mystery from which all have come into being.
They are all right; they are all wrong.

The Diddly-Squat of Knowing

You do not know who, You do not know what,
You do not know where, You do not know when,
You do not know why, You do not know how,
Nor do You know any other diddly-squat.

Who-What-Where-When-Why-How

Who-what-where-when-why-how is who?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is what?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is where?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is when?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is why?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is who?

The Faceless You

You assume the crunchy-chewy-goopy flesh and bones, out of which You peer, is your body,
And yet, You are able to observe it only partially, and in a most peculiar way.
Why is it that You have never ever seen your own mortal face,
Nor has anyone or anything else seen theirs,
Is indeed a koan for all.

Choosing Contentment

There is no real need to believe in anyone or anything.
All belief is born of imagination's ceaseless craving for more.
When what it is, is what it is, from any get-go, from any beginning,
The challenge is choosing contentment in whatever existence has offered.

The Relativity Spectrum

Who can even begin to guess all the perceptions out there, about You.
Some of which may be true, some of which may be false,
All of which fall into the relativity spectrum.

Hard to Imagine

Hard to imagine that by the end of this century
The human genome will not be either pruned back dramatically,
Or entirely extinct because of a blend of climate change and environmental collapse,
Or, given our kind's inability to get along for more than brief bits of time,
A beyond-the-pale biological or chemical or nuclear holocaust.

Untouched by the Senses

Awareness sees nothing.
Awareness hears nothing.
Awareness smells nothing.
Awareness tastes nothing.
Awareness feels nothing.
Awareness thinks nothing.

The Five W's and One H of Happening

Who is happening?
What is happening?
Where is happening?
When is happening?
Why is happening?
How is happening?

The Source of History

The human paradigm is about interacting with others.
Sometimes for a few moments, sometimes for an entire lifetime.
Sometimes beneficial, sometime harmful, sometimes trifling.
It is a dynamic from which all history is written, or not.

Undoing the Instinctual Mind

Human consciousness is entrenched in the instinctual mind,
Naturally selected in the fierce, remorseless jungles of long ago.
It cannot be undone but through the most discerning attention.

Chart Your Own Course

You need not inwardly participate in the ever-careening dreamtime world,
Established, prescribed, ordained, predestined, decreed, designed, determined, commanded,
By any given culture, any given groupthink, any given karass, any given anything.
Assume the sovereignty to forge your own path, to chart your own course.
It is your narrative, your chronicle, to do with what destiny calls.

Here and Gone

Sounds are here and gone, ever-changing.
Visions are here and gone, ever-changing.
Tastes are here and gone, ever-changing.
Smells are here and gone, ever-changing.
Touching is here and gone, ever-changing.
All things are here and gone, ever-changing.
Only in indivisible awareness does change still.

The Trap of Identification

Do not mix up who-what-where-when-why-how You are,
With who-what-where-why-when-why-how You do.
All identification is a trap of your own making.

Just Another Organism

Humankind is really no different than any other organism.
We just have more ways and means in our cancerous onslaught.

Hypocrisy, the Real Sin

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least You are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

The True Supreme Being

Supreme being is not an entity; it is not a dualistic notion.
It is the awareness, the indivisibility, the timelessness, the quintessence,
Within all creations great to small in the omnipresence, omnipotent, omniscient sense.
It is the beingness, the nowness, that reigns unconditional.
It is the absolute, it is eternity.

The Simplicity of Eternity

In awareness, the seeker distinguishes Self.
In imagination, the seeker seeks and seeks, on and on.
Breathe in, breathe out, to discern how eternity is far too simple,
For the busy-busy of imagination to long endure.

You Cannot Hide

You believe your power, your fame, your wealth,
Your houses, your clothes, your jewelry, your things,
Your titles, your degrees, or any other hollow airs,
Mean anything to those who see You as You are?

No Other Known

How can anyone ever more than speculate,
How any other creature, any other earthling,
Discerns its kaleidoscoping quantum universe.

Nothing to Spend, Nothing to Save

To believe there is a soul that needs saving, or can be saved,
Is a notion, an assumption, that has no merit, whatsoever.
The indivisible, ineffable mystery requires no saving.

The Sands of Eternity

Your genetic past is the foundation of the patterning You are right here, right now.
Everything You say, everything You do, was written in your sands,
Long before eternity bloomed into consciousness.

The Attributes of Duality

In a dualistic universe, there is no light without dark, no good without evil,
Right without wrong, pleasure without pain, flow without ebb, yes without no.

The Mindful and Mindless Pursuit of Trivia

What a thing the evolution of the brain, of mind, of cognition.
From a naturally-selected instinctual apparatus, to one delineated by the given culture,
Teeming to the nth degree with every sort of detail, every sort of trivia,
Every variety of mindful and mindless pursuit.

Yes, Jesus Is Coming for You

Santa Claus was real, until You finally figured out, he was not.
The same with the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka.
But Jesus? No, Jesus is real. Jesus is not a lie. Jesus died for your sins, that You might exist forever.
Jesus is going return someday to take You up to heaven, no matter what evils You have done.
All You need do is believe, and hand over ten percent-ish to your chosen middleman.

The Usual Suspects

Any cult (a.k.a., religion) likely has these usual suspects in common:
Charismatic leader,
Supreme deity with supporting troupe,
Mythology, idols, dogma, rituals, symbols, dress code, hierarchy,
And most importantly, a collection of true believers tithing to support the prescribed mission.

Always the Same Right-Here-Right-Now

A most earnest determination is required to truthfully inquire into this inexplicable dream of time.
Any agenda concocted by any other offers nothing more than a long-and-winding labyrinth,
Replete with every imaginable smoke-and-mirror-illusory-deflection-of-a-distraction.
Whenever You are of a mind to every moment be the timeless state of awareness,
It will ever be the same right-here-right-now it has ever been, will ever be.

The Conditioned Responses

Endorphins are central to human behavior patterns.
How any respond to any given scenario, to any given moment,
Depends on the endorphins that are released into the given mind-body.
No one need give themselves over to any conditioned response,
But through the subjective stratum of attachment,
That rule their version of the cosmos.

The Tussle Between the Mundane and the Eternal

You need not react, need not respond, need not answer, to anything, but through your own volition.
It requires only your becoming extremely aware of the chemistries blended of desire and fear.
It requires observing closely, every moment, the feelings any given combination ordains,
Rather than simply giving awareness over to the conditioned mind-body responses.
The endorphin meter is set by the level of attachment to any given scenario.
To be as free as humanly possible is to function at a level of awareness,
Challenging to manifest for any great duration of so-called time.
In other words, the indivisible now, the timeless moment,
The awareness You truly are in this reverie of time,
Is, far more often than not, being interminably shanghaied,
By the time-bound imagination You are not, were not, will never be.

The Temporal Nature of Love

Love is nothing more than an imaginary human concoction.
An evolutionary consequence of the mammalian nervous system,
That has no reality whatsoever in the awareness prior to consciousness.

Zeros to the Right, Zeros to the Left

Lots and lots of zeros, way out there in the great beyond,
And bunches more on the wee side of the decimal point, too.

The Truth of the Five Agreements

Where does not practicing Don Miguel Ruiz's five agreements get You?
What happens when You are not impeccable with your word?
What happens when You take everything personally?
What happens when You make assumptions?
What happens when You do not always do your best?
What happens when You do not listen well with a skeptical ear?

Cultivating the Audacity to Stand Alone

All your life You have followed some so-called religious archetype,
Deceiving your Self in one way or another with the ashes of a cultish tradition.
Yet here You are with that gnawing hunger to finally discover the truth behind the charade.
To finally apprehend, to finally yield, to the immaculate awareness You truly are,
And have only lacked the audacity to fully own, to fully stand alone.

Avoid Deceiving Your Self

To without doubt realize this inexplicable, impenetrable, inscrutable, incomprehensible,
Indecipherable, inseparable, indelible, mystical-magical mystery of awareness,
As indivisibly fearless and desireless and guileless as it absolutely is,
The earnest, resolute seeker, can lie to anyone but himself.

Imagination's Insatiable Craving

Closely observe the insatiable craving for more of anything and everything,
And realize its intoxicating dynamic is entirely born of imagination,
That is itself risen of the instinctual origin of the species.
Our kind is but a brief handiwork in this magical-mystery tour.

The Limitation of Awareness

Pure awareness is incapable of doing anything on its own.
It is permitted entrée to the dreamtime world, to the dreamtime universe,
Through sentient proficiency at spinning the quantum ground in so many nimble ways.
Ways regulated only by any given creature's naturally-selected, nature-nurtured, frame of reference.

What Is Thought v. What Is Done

You can imagine doing just about anything You please.
Playing out in your mind whatever good, whatever evil You will.
But what You actually do, is your worldly mark in the dusty sands of time.

This Is What You Do

This is what You do.
No need to explain, justify, defend,
Absolve, prove, validate, rationalize, analyze, assert,
Vindicate, support, exonerate, uphold, modify, add to, or detract from.

The Mystery's Means to Self-Discovery

The mystery gave its Self a magical garden world,
With an abundant diversity of psychotropic and other substances,
That it might, in a temporal setting, discern its timeless prior-to-quantum presence.

Solitary Fantasy v. Theatrical Reality

When it comes to pleasing yourself, as all worthy narcissistic hedonists so often do,
Why would solitary fantasy rather than theatrical reality ever be a rancid thing?
What hypocrites play out in their pejorative noggins need not be a concern.

How Can the Unknown Ever Be Known?

How has this awareness come to be? And can its indelible nature ever be known?
Can its ever-present reality ever be truly discerned as more than a conception of consciousness?
How can that which is timeless, that which is indivisible, that which is unborn-undying,
That which is prior to all that is quantum, ever be confined, or even touched,
By the time-bound-sensory-mind cosmos fashioned of imagination?

Alone for All Eternity

There are a variety of remarkable substances,
That will aid your discerning the truth of this mystery of existence.
That this quantum dream of time and space, of agony and ecstasy, of all dualistic notion,
Is ultimately nothing more than an imaginary light and sound show.
That You are absolutely alone for all eternity,
And cannot do a friggin' thing about it,
Except succumb to one diversion after another,
Until You perchance wake up and stop smelling the roses.

The Means to Change

Speaking truth to power generally only brings about change,
If there is some sort of means, some sort of tool, some sort of weapon,
To influence, to leverage, to manipulate, to force, its attention.

The Art of Political Expediency

All judgments, opinions, conclusions, assessments, beliefs, prejudices, stereotypes, and the like,
Are ultimately meaningless, yet largely unavoidable, given the dualistic nature of the sensory mind.
Best keep as many to yourself as possible, if You aspire to the tranquility of political expediency.

The Limits of Consciousness

In any given sensory theater across the cosmos, across all creation,
Is it at all possible for consciousness to inspire anything but dualistic perception,
In all but those rare few gifted with eyes that see and ears that hear.

Assumptions of Consciousness

What is this awareness?
What is this perceiving we call soul?
Is it truly something distinct, something definite?
Or merely yet another resonant assumption of consciousness?
If awareness is soul, You are soul; if awareness is not soul, You are not soul.
How any prefer to see it is their own affair, and theirs alone,
As it is for every other, under any sun.

An Impartial Creator-Destroyer

Mother Nature is an absolutely impartial creator-destroyer.
She will raise You up and grind You down with the same equanimity.
It is up to You, and You alone, to survive, to persist, the dream of time between.

The Quantum Spark

The singular, indivisible, ever-present now is the only point,
At which the quantum spark of consciousness is touched by the senses,
The memory of which generates the illusion of time and space.
What is called reality is but a kaleidoscoping dream.

For the Rest of Time

Whether Jesus ever really existed or not,
Humankind is 99.9999% likely stuck
With Catholic and Christian and Mormon,
And other cultish absurdity for the rest of time.

The Unknowable Awareness

How can the awareness, in which there is no trace of space and time,
Ever be known by the mystery that is the architect of space and time?

What is Success? What is Failure?

What are success and failure to those who seek, those who discern,
Those whose calling is the indelible, indivisible, immortal awakening?

Temporary Passengers in the Sea of Oblivion

Resisting the ever-present, indivisible nature of awareness, is futile.
Consciousness is but a very temporary passenger of a very finite dream.
And must inevitably relinquish its imaginary reverie at one point or another.
It is the fate of all forms small to great, to drown in the sea of timeless oblivion.

Equilibrium, Disruption, Equilibrium

What is any story, any narrative, but an array of scenarios moving through a series of stages:
Beginning to blossoming to thickening to darkening to blackening to resolving to ending.
Or as thinker Tzvetan Todorov put it: From equilibrium to disruption to equilibrium.

Statistical Certitude? Or Science Fiction?

Statistically improbable as it well may be in the grand immensity of the ever-expanding cosmic adventure,
It is always possible that we are the one and only civilization that this vast universe as ever spawned.
To assume other worlds were, or will be, the right size in the right sun with the right chemistry,
With an evolutionary track that fostered forests with mammalian life, opposable thumbs,
Larynxes, lungs, arms, legs, tool-making brains – or something equally capable –
Might well be dubious, despite the near-infinity of star-crossed possibilities.
And even if some alien intelligence does perchance exist, how likely is it, seriously,
Other than in science fiction, in all the books and movies, upon which we insatiably gorge,
That we or they would ever cross the vast expanses, and somehow connect in any meaningful way?

Ever and Ever

Whoever.
Whatever.
Wherever.
Whenever.
Whyever.
However.

Would You Just Get It Over With!

What on earth leads human beings to believe any deity worth its salt,
Would be at all interested in, at all concerned about, their pathetic tripe?
Imagine listening to all that wretched whining, day after day, for all eternity.
That deity must surely every moment wish our species would just get it over with.

Tune In, Drop Out

Is it as much religion or spirituality, as it is being in touch,
With the timeless legitimacy of pure, undifferentiated awareness,
Without all the missteps and mishaps and absurdities of consciousness,
And the ceaselessly insufferable array of temporal vanities,
Born of desire's intoxication with imagination.

Inherit the Earth v. Win Heaven

It is the selfish and stupid and vain who will inherit the earth,
Because it takes great humility and intelligence to win heaven.

Pearls to Swine

Although often a temptation, giving can have its drawbacks.
Benevolence toward those who lack gratitude, those who feel entitled,
Can end up being little more than hollow gesture that changes absolutely nothing.
Pearls to swine, so to speak.

The Heavens and Hells of Imagination

Heaven, hell, purgatory, call them what You will, are but conceptual perceptions.
Attitudes, insights, experiences, beliefs, realities, dreamscapes, notions, impressions.
Equally witnessed by the indelibly indivisible, eternal awareness of any given moment.

Remembering and Forgetting

You keep trying to remember, You keep trying to forget.
Holding on, letting go, so incompatible, so paradoxical, so ironical.
The Sisyphean fate of the conditioned mind entangled in the theater of time.

Petri Dishes Come in All Sizes

And why again is the human species in way different, in any way superior,
To any bacteria racing towards the indifferent edge of a laboratory Petri dish?

Begetting Life v. Begetting Death

Egalitarianism begets convergence begets peace begets creation begets life.
Extremism begets polarization begets conflict begets destruction begets death.
It is the ebb and flow of the human paradigm; it is the ebb and flow of all creation.

As Often and Quickly As Possible

Generally, fairly wise to assume all your fussy persnickitiness about any this or any that,
Means pretty much diddly-squat to anyone anywhere else in this or any other dream of time.
Getting over yourself as often and quickly as possible is always judicious personal policy.

Killing Time, Until It Kills You

Time is not your best friend, but for way-never-enough moments,
And will again and again betray You, whittle You down,
At every irrevocable turn, unto the bitter end.

In the Absence Of

Pleasure is the absence of pain.
Happiness, the absence of sorrow.
Wisdom, the absence of delusion.
Serenity, the absence of dread.

Imagination, the Usurper

The Me, the Myself, the I, are nothing more,
Than the ineffable, unfathomable, indelible awareness,
Usurped by the dualistic notions of consciousness, of imagination.

An Imaginary Concoction

You are but timeless awareness peering through a quantum veil.
The You that You believe You are, is but an imaginary concoction.

A Mystery of Quantum Design

How does mountain become a plain but by flowing into it.
How does a plain become a mountain but by upwelling into it.
In every greater there is a lesser; in every lesser there is a greater.
There is no stasis in this indivisible mystery of quantum design.

A Shard-Filled Mystery

Call it God, call it Soul, call it Whatever, there is only one mystery,
And it splinters into as many shards as any given universe will allow.

Older Than the Stars, Younger Than the Moment

The awareness You are, is immortal, unborn-undying.
Only the temporal, mundane, corporeal, imaginary mind-body dies.
You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.

Wired for Tribalism

I am better than You, and my tribe is better than yours.
Same old me-myself-and-I narrative spun across the human paradigm,
Since imagination took root in the jungle-born mind, that evolved in the time before time.

Behind the Veil

Whenever thought attaches to any sort of attribute,
Imagination usurps reality, death raises its conditional mind,
And the indivisible awareness seamlessly dissipates from center stage,
Serenely witnessing the eternal dream from behind the veil of consciousness,
The cloak that flutters amok in every rational and irrational way imagination allows.

You Decide

‘The’ stillness before time? Or ‘a’ stillness before time?
‘The’ awareness before time? Or ‘an’ awareness before time?
Definitive or tentative, absolute or transitory, You decide.

The Highest Calling

If there is any calling in this ineffable mystery,
Surely the highest is discerning the unknown.

It Just Doesn’t Matter

You can sit in ashrams staring at walls,
Or freely meander the dream doing whatever You will.
From any beginning to any ending, it matters nary a speck nor an iota.

Which Was First?

Which was first, the chicken or the egg?
Which was first, the breath or the thought?

For Your Eyes Only

It is the eyes that create the greatest sense of separation within and without.
None of the other senses enhance dualistic notion in anywhere near the same way.
This grand theater matrix, this quantum dreamtime, would not be without them.

All the Same, None the Same

In this ever-changing quantum matrix,
No matter how many times anything is observed,
Neither it nor the mind's eye of the beholder,
Are ever even for a moment the same.

Truths Are Truths, Lies Are Lies

If something is true, it is true rain or shine, forever and daze beyond,
And many if not most assumptions, little more than fallacious notions.

A Discernable Reality

It is a reality all can easily distinguish, if they have the wit to give such attention to their mind-body,
That it dissolves into the quantum indivisibly, from which all manifestation small to great materializes.

No Stops

There appear to be no stops in the senseless ways,
To play out what appear to be an infinite array of insanities,
Available in this manifest theater of consciousness.

I Am You, You Are Me

Whether You discern it or not,
I know that I am You, and You are me,
And we, no matter the discourse, no matter the fate,
Are ultimately born of the same mystery.

To Speak Up, or Not to Speak Up

Time for mystics to stand up and be counted,
To stand up to the innumerable insufferable tyrannies,
Of so-called religions and other fabrications across the board.
That, of course, always runs risks of being stoned or burnt at the stake,
Or some other time-honored practice of doing away with witches and heretics.

No ‘Me’, No ‘Myself’, No ‘I’

There is no ‘Me’, no ‘Myself’, no ‘I’, in the indivisibility of awareness; how can there be?
The given mind that asserts its dream real and true, is but a conditioned illusion,
An ever-changing, temporal, quantum phantom born of imagination.

A One-Time Dreamtime

It is the immortal awareness we all equally are that carries on,
In whatever seedlings are available in this grand manifest theater.
Your particular notion of individuality is but a one-time dreamtime.
There is no heaven, there is no hell, but whatever imagination imagines.

Unbothered Lives

You have gone to all your bother, so that others do not have to,
And others have gone to all their bother, so You do not have to.

You Are That, That You Are

So That is who.
So That is what.
So That is where.
So That is when.
So That is why.
So That is how.

Imaginary Self, True Self

Imagination is but a streaming quantum dream,
Usurping awareness to fabricate an imaginary self.
It is only in a very still mind that You will be true Self.

The Destiny of the True Believer

Anyone can fabricate a story,
But to believe it true requires a gullible mind,
Lacking any shadow of doubt, and prepared to pay any cost.
Such is the destiny of the true believer.
Let the buyer beware.

A Garden, Not a Museum

When it comes to the instinct to propagate,
Human beings have no more restraint than any other critter.
Rabbits, cockroaches, any creature You might name, is compelled by its biology,
But only for as long as its environment, its habitat, its milieu, its niche, its nook, its cranny, allows.
Which, on the whole, is not very long, when You consider that more than 99 percent,
Of all species that ever lived on Earth, amounting to over five billion,
Are estimated to have been snuffed out by the winds of time.
Guesstimates of the living range from 10 to 14 million,
And their extinction is assured down the pike, too.
This whirling orb is a garden, not a museum.

The Most Balanced Adaptation

A rational, lucid, cynical, skeptical, absurd, asymmetrical mind,
May be the most balanced adaptation consciousness can concoct.

If It Truly Calls You

If You truly yearn to be the totality,
Ascertain the right-here-right-now awareness,
As much as the given mind-body, in space and time allows.

The Evaporating Moment

What was, can never be again,
And whatever will be, will evaporate, too.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Cast off Into the Indivisible Solitude

The many attachments to which all are bound,
Are subjective concoctions of our own individual imagination.
To be unbound, one must cast off into the indivisible solitude of pure awareness,
From which all quantum creations in this mystery,
Are every moment spun.

Of the Human Muddle

The human muddle is a slow-motion trainwreck working its way off the tracks.
It will only be remedied by a massive die-off; it will only be solved by extinction.

An Ethereal Bubble

You are but an ethereal bubble of awareness,
Rambling about the conditioned concoction,
Of a sensory-mind dream of space and time.

Answer Me This, Pilgrim

Answer me this, Pilgrim: When have You ever even once not been,
The timeless, indivisible, undying, enduring, right-here-right-now?

The Immense Emptiness

If You were lost at sea, bobbing in the immense emptiness, totally alone, with no hope of survival,
It would really be no different, than if You were sitting in your living room, doing the boob-tube shuffle.

Of Hierarchical Covenants

Religion as it is practiced by many if not most,
Is nothing more than a hierarchical covenant,
Inspired by one feudal paradigm or another.

An Ever-Changing Quantum Illusion-Delusion

The You that You dream You are, is but a set of perceptions,
A collection of memories, a frame of reference, a grab bag of attributes,
Imagining your character real, your mind-body real, your world real, your universe real.
Real being nothing more than an ever-changing quantum illusion-delusion,
Deftly mesmerizing the awareness equally permeating all.

No Reality in the Natural Order

Geometric forms have absolutely no reality in the natural order.
Lines, circles, triangles, squares, pentagons, and all the many other shapes,
Are but conceptual creations by minds imagining perfect order,
In an indivisible mirage born of quantum chaos.

If You Must Believe in Something

If You must believe in something, believe in nature,
And draw on science to explore its rhyme and reason.
Or, be very, very still, and know all there is to know.

The Isness You Are

Is it what You want to be, when You grow up? Or what You want to do?
The reality is, that the isness You are as a newborn,
Is what You will be at life's conclusion, and every moment between.
Do not identify with any attribute that locks You into what You are not, into what will never be.

Party On, Pilgrim

You are the perfect, most indivisible You.
You are not flawed in any way or shape or form.
Imperfect minds formulate archetypes that can never be,
Like geometric shapes which have absolutely no reality in nature.
Leave behind all who would limit your dream of time.
Party on as You are, Pilgrim, party on.

So Little in the So Much

No matter how much You think You know, how large your frame of reference,
There is so-to-the-power-of-n much more that You do not, never will, never can.

An Immeasurable Detachment

The philosophers scrutinize with their language.
The scientists and mathematicians with their facts and figures.
All dispatching imperative thoughts and conclusion upon every this, every that,
To the awareness, the anonymity, the obscurity, the spaciousness, the timelessness, the stillness,
The wakefulness that witnesses all eternity with equally immeasurable detachment.

The Mystery of Now

If You believe that any words, any numbers, mean anything to the mystery of now,
You must also imagine that wind and clouds mean something to the spacious sky.
Awareness is all, and the motley shards are but players wafting across the stage.

The Consequences! The Consequences!

The pleasures the Fates offer, are balanced, if not dominated,
By the myriad consequences that will inevitably be endured.

Ever Blowing on and On

What meaning, what purpose,
Mean anything to the quantum sands of time,
Ever blowing, ever blowing, ever blowing, on and on and on.

Give Ear to Sages

Nature is the teacher.
Pain and death her instruments.
Live or die, You choose.
Give ear to sages.

The Imaginary Nature of Space and Time

It might have happened ten seconds ago, ten years ago, or ten thousand years ago.
What is space, what is time, but the quantum-made concoction of imagination?

So Many Beyond-Knowing Questions

What does it mean to exist? What does it mean to be alive?
What does it mean for the quantum mystery to be conscious of itself?
What does it mean for the all but immeasurable electromagnetic spectrum,
To be able explore even an infinitesimal sliver of its boggling potential?
What does it mean for You to be pondering this thought right now?

What is Space? What is Time?

Memories from ten-twenty-thirty-forty-fifty-sixty-plus years ago,
Are as real as one even just a moment ago.
Imagination is all.

The One and Only Real Law

Natural law supersedes any and all monkey-mind constructs.
Too obvious to need a supporting witness, or bang of a gavel.

What is the Eternal Mind?

What is the eternal mind?
A mind that is awareness.
A mind that is perpetual.
A mind that is quantum.
A mind that is timeless.
A mind that is infinite.
A mind that is unborn.
A mind that is undying.
A mind that is absolute.
A mind that is immortal.
A mind that is indivisible.
A mind that is ever-present.
A mind that is ever-tranquil.
A mind that knows nothing.
A mind that is immaculate.
A mind that is everlasting.
A mind that is unbound.
A mind that is at rest.
A mind that is clear.
A mind that is solitary.
A mind that is sovereign.
A mind that is no mind at all.

Moderation! Moderation!

The consequences of the Seven Deadly Sins:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
Are eternities of universes well beyond counting.
Moderation is the challenge.

The Roots of All Things Human

All this was set in motion millions of years ago back in the jungles of Africa.
We are all born of a natural selection process that runs through the core of our DNA.
No point getting upset about the fact that men do what men do, and women do what women do.
The contemporary world may make the tango of our species absurdly complex,
But the fundamental patterning is ever very much the same.

More! More! More!

The mind is an insatiable beast, ever hungry for more.
More food, more sex, more things, more power, more fame, more fortune.
Tamp down the ceaseless more-more-more of consciousness
If You wish to wander about free and clear.

Without Judgment?

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?
Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,
Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

All Alone Together

We are very much all alone together,
In this beyond all pales, magical mystery quantum matrix theater.
Everyone has their own vision, their own insight, their own conclusion, their own frame of reference.
No one can possibly see anything the same, so why should anyone be all that concerned,
What anyone else thinks or says or writes, or how they spend their time?
All the gossip is just imagination galloping its merry way.

Awareness, Always the Same

No matter how far You wander, how long You wander, where You wander, how You wander,
You will ever be abiding in the very same eternal prior-to-consciousness awareness.
You will ever be enduring in the very same perpetual right-here-right-now.

When You Are All Alone

What do You do when You are alone?
What do You do when there is no other about?
When there is no expectation, no reward, no punishment.
When there is no applause, no sanction, no rejection, no confinement.
What do You do when all bounds are entirely your own?

How Full Do You Need to Be?

What point to knowing it all, having it all, being it all, seeing it all, winning it all?
No matter the genetic role allotted, You are forever the same awareness,
You are ever the same essence, the same undying ever-present.

Every Life Form

Every life form ever born is of the same source.
Biological organisms sculpted of the same quantum essence.
No matter how large, no matter how small, none are really different at all.
For humankind to assert itself distinct or superior in any way, in any shape, in any form,
Is nothing more than consciousness imagining a collusion of delusion.

Ensnared in a Quantum Mirage

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is eternal, timeless, boundless.
Consciousness is temporal, time-bound, limited.
A dream and dreamer ensnared in a quantum mirage.

Oblivion Awaits

Believing your little blip of existence
Will make any significant impact is laughable.
Historical archives are chock-full of the all-but-forgotten.
Oblivion awaits your surrender.

Enduring Cultural Expectations

How interested are You really in digging graves and attending wakes and funerals?
Do family and friends and acquaintances really carry that much emotional significance?
Or is it all nothing more than a who-buries-who obligation, You bear with a sigh of resignation?

Yet Another Cautionary Tale

To believe yourself wise,
To believe yourself an astute sage,
Can be yet another road through purgatory,
Yet another cautionary tale.

What It Always Boils Down To

So many words, so many concepts, so many philosophies, so many dogmas.
All artificial, all just to describe, to explain, to illustrate, to capture, what always boils down,
To the same timeless, unborn, undying, ungraspable mystery of awareness.
The eternal source that requires absolutely none of it.

Best Wander Alone

Dependence on tradition is a stupor that dulls the blade of discernment.
To stay free, to stay alert, to awaken to the greatest vision, best wander alone.

The Dubious Nature of Imagination

Why should it take any effort to be what You are?
It most certainly did not when You were very young.
If there is struggle, imagination is ever the usual suspect.
If consciousness is but a dream, why give it credence?

You Are Your Own Imaginary Protagonist

No matter how immense or minute, how bright or dim, any given mind –
Musical-rhythmically, visual-spatially, verbal-linguistically, logical-mathematically,
Bodily-kinesthetically, interpersonally, intrapersonally, naturalistically, existentially, morally –
That given mind is ever bound in the limits of space-time by its imaginary protagonist.

The Same Common Denominator

All creation is devised of the same common denominator,
The same essence, the same ground, the same matrix, the same quantum.
Conservation of energy, indeed.

An Indomitable Mystery

So many tribal mindsets arguing and battling and shunning and destroying,
Over assumptions about a mystery they can never dominate.
A mystery to which all have equal access,
But none can ever own.

The Point and Purpose of Organized Religion

What is organized religion but never-ending waves of covetous middlemen,
Fabricating new ways to bedazzle and betray and bilk the unwitting sheeples.

No Need for Any Religion

Why fill your immaculate, indelible, eternal mind,
With any religious labels, with any religious dogmas,
To which our kind is so needlessly, pointlessly addicted?
Awareness is all there is, and there ain't no more.

The Pendulum of Love and Hate

What so many call love so often seems such a shallow, selfish thing.
It generates an endless assortment of pleasurable endorphins,
But is easily traded when opportunity raises its head,
And often morphs into hate in that process.

The Eternal Equanimity of Awareness

Awareness will ever remain exactly the same, no matter how it is branded.
It is impossible to burden its stillness, its serenity, its silence,
With any twist or turn of conscious design.

All Existence, the Same Mystery

Evolution has sculpted life into many patterns, many forms, many ways and means,
But it is ever the same soupy essence bubbling away beneath each and every surface.
All separation, all difference, all uniqueness, is nothing more than imaginary notion.

There Will Be Consequences

Treat the corporeal container wisely, with respect and care,
Or it will have its revenge, my friend, it will have its revenge.

An Inscrutable Mystery

Call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it Buddha, call it God, call it Yahweh, call it Allah,
Call it Great Spirit, call it Soul, call it Quantum, call it You, call it whatever You please,
It is far too great, far too inscrutable a mystery to be limited in any way, any shape, any form.

An Insatiable Beast

The human mind, human consciousness, is an insatiable beast,
Ravenously consuming everything it can, seeking experience at every level,
Including attempting to grasp, to know, the immeasurable unknown,
Whose indelible mystery is eternally, indivisibly unbreachable.

Trivial Pursuit

There is a very wearing danger in attaching too much relevance,
To the academics and their endless round-and-round,
In the Ivory Tower Trivial Pursuit Game.

The Inscrutable Moment

At the end of any given day, at the end of any given existence,
You will be the same awareness, the same right-here-ness-right-now-ness,
That You were on the first day of your immaculate entry into this mystery theater.
The inscrutable moment – omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent –
Is incapable of being anything other than now.

The Human Obsession

What is this human hunger, this obsession, for there to be a point to it all?
What is so challenging for so many, about not having an explanation for something,
That every stratagem from superstition to science, is used to engineer one account or another.

The True Gold

Are the one-percenters and their minions ever truly loyal,
To anything but gold and the things it buys, the trinkets it owns?
Only too late do the Midases discern the immeasurable they have missed.
Only too late do they comprehend the true gold, they have never in mind, mined.

A One-Time Show

The relatively negligible persona You play in that mortal container, is a one-time show.
An extemporaneous fabrication of imagination, that has no fundamental reality, whatsoever.
What You truly are, is indivisibly more, and there is nothing individual, nothing personal about it.

That Which is Unborn-Undying

It is religions that are dead, not God.
That which is perpetual source, is very much present.
Very much eternally, indivisibly, permanently, right here, right now.
Very much the unborn-undying, unfathomable awareness, the witness, You truly are.

The Will of the People

However small or large the group, whether twosome or family or tribe or culture,
Or organization or country, or the entire species worldwide, across all time,
What is the will of the people, but a continually surging me-me-me.

A Quantum Tool

The given brain is a quantum tool in which You abide for a fated time,
And with awareness and gumption and grit, and a pinch of good fortune,
You will perchance learn to maneuver it well, and without too much fallout.

This One and Only Moment

There is ... just ... this moment.
There has always been ... just ... this moment.
There will always be ... just ... this moment.
No matter how deeply You yearn for more,
There are no manifest points to connect.
Space and time are but an illusion,
Kaleidoscoping through it.

Stay Free

A surer way to autonomy,
Is to neither borrower nor lender be.
To neither owe, nor be owed,
Allows a freer wander.

The Only Reality

All histories are but piecemeal fabrications of illusory perceptions,
Born of sensory mind-bodies wandering a quantum playhouse.
Space is unreal, time is unreal, light is unreal, sound is unreal.
All is but imaginary notion, make-believe narratives from any get-go.
Only the immaculate awareness through which consciousness streams is real.

A Self-Absorbed Dream

What is this me ... what is this myself ... what is this I ... but a time-bound dream of self-absorption.
... egocentric ... ethnocentric ... chronocentric ... geocentric ... heliocentric ... cosmoscentric ...
It is all about an imaginary me-me-me ... projecting in every way, in every shape, in every form.

The Ground of Awareness

All the gusting flurries of the mind-body, are of absolutely no consequence to the eternal awareness.
The myriad concoctions of imagination, are but time-bound fabrications,
Of an ever-changing make-believe reality.
If You yearn for tranquility, if You yearn for true Self,
Abide the cosmos kaleidoscoping about You in the ground of awareness.

Through Which It Blows

The motley winds of consciousness with all its attributes, all its dualities:
Black and white hot and cold, full and empty, good and evil, life and death,
Has absolutely nothing to do with the still awareness through which it blows.

No Rewind, No Excuses

Coulda, shoulda, woulda.
Coulda, woulda, shoulda.
Shoulda, coulda, woulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda.
Woulda, shoulda, coulda.
Woulda, coulda, shoulda.
However You might choose to say it,
Essentially the same no-rewind-no-excuses meaning.
Essentially the same oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

The Seven Deadly Sins

The Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth;
Each triggers its own unique gratification, its own distinct hormonal stimulation.
Look around and witness the countless extremes so many across the board,
Are in their nature-nurture frame of reference inspired to experience.
Tales told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

All Across the World

All across the world, the same conversations.
No matter the geography, no matter the time, no matter the culture,
No matter the tradition, no matter the politic, no matter the economics, no matter the technology,
No matter the religion, no matter the philosophy, no matter the language, no matter the dress,
No matter the gender, no matter the family, no matter the education, no matter the work,
No matter the war, no matter the sport, no matter the pastimes, no matter anything;
Each and every human being, males and females of all ages and persuasions,
Are in every way imaginable, essentially having the same conversations.

As if It Really Matters

Bookstores, libraries, museums, thrift shops, garage sales, dusty collections, landfills, fiery pyres.
Selling, giving, burying, burning, books of every imaginable title written across the world, across time.
Billions and billions, likely even trillions of thoughts, set down again and again, forever again.
As if it really matters.

Nothing All the While

Mother Nature is immortal creator and destroyer.
Every moment simultaneously making and unmaking.
An ever-changing quantum apparition playing at existence.
Ever streaming, kaleidoscoping, appearing, dissolving.
Unconditionally, indivisibly, nothing all the while.

How Sure Are You?

Who is your tribe?
Who are your parents, your siblings?
What is You gender, your race, your religion, your culture?
What are all your attachments to this dreamtime world, or some rumored next one?
And what, by the way, makes You so sure any of it is truly real,
Or that You were ever even born?

Nothing More, Nothing Less, Nothing But

The challenge is to not confuse the witness You are with what is witnessed.
To not attach in any way, in any shape, in any form, the awareness You truly are,
With the sensory-inspired illusion-delusion of time and space kaleidoscoping about You.
You are pure awareness cloaked in a quantum reverie; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

This Moment, This Awareness

This moment, this awareness, is what You have always been.
This moment, this awareness, is what You will always be.
There is no more to it; there is no less to it.
All else is naught but vain notion.

Every Sentient Being a Unique Translation

Ponder, if You will, every life form from small to great, sentient to insentient,
All born of the same indivisible mystery, all born with the same immutable awareness.
Each and every one, very much alone, crafting its own unique translation of the quantum play,
Each and every one simultaneously dreaming an existence, a world, a universe, in its own distinct way.

All the More, More, More You Will Never Do

More food You shall never eat, more liquor You shall never drink.
More books You shall never read, more music You shall never hear,
More movies You shall never watch, more places You shall never see,
More clothes You shall never wear, more furniture You shall never use.
So many things You can never do, so many things You will never do.
In the endless, ceaseless, perpetual, more of more, more, more.

Ever Gone as Quickly as It Came

Timeless awareness is what You are, is all You are.
The quantum theater and all its countlessly boggling attributes,
Is but an imaginary, touchy-feely, three-dimensional light and sound show.
A dream of time and space, ever gone as quickly as it came.

The Collapse of Entitlement

The future is fucked in just about every way imaginable.
What will happen to all the young folk when their entitlement collapses?
Hopefully, the aliens will have a time machine, when they show up in a few million years.

A Ceaseless Circus

The vanity of the human drama is a ceaseless, absurdity-laden circus.
Buddha did it his way, Hitler did it his, your mother did it hers.
What difference in the indivisible quantum reality, really?

The Stiff Upper Lip

So many things You can never do, so many things You will never do.
There is no point letting your panties get all bunched up about anything, really.
Much better give it the stiff-upper-lip “oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.”

The Ever-Hungry Mind

So much gluttony, and for what, but frivolous gratification,
And momentary, futile distraction, from loneliness and self-pity.
Governing the ever-hungry mind, requires a discipline so many lack.

The Solitary Walkabout to Freedom

All human beings are shaped by the nature-nurture, into which they are involuntarily cast.
All are conditioned, trained, programmed, indoctrinated, disciplined, humbled, tamed, cultivated,
Domesticated, subjugated, suppressed, conquered, curbed, pacified, repressed, brainwashed.
To unshackle one's true Self, to un-wash the mind, requires a great deal of discernment.
Each, very much alone, must choose, must grapple, to be free of all the absurdity.

The Unsullied Mind

Enduring this existence, surviving this existence,
Need not make You guilty in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Heavens, hells, reincarnation, karma, whatever beliefs have been set before You,
Are nothing more than concoctions, speculations, assumptions,
Of the those who would own your mind.

All There Is, All There Is Not

Awareness is all there is, awareness is all there is not.
Ever-present, indivisible, immortal, unborn, undying, boundless.
The time and space continuum, is but a fleeting illusion of the quantum mind.

From the Jungles of Long Ago

Nationalism, patriotism, jingoism, chauvinism, prejudice, xenophobia,
Are really nothing more than humankind's seemingly genetic predisposition,
Towards the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric groupthink dynamic.
As narrow-minded, closed-minded, insular, provincial, parochial, as imagination deigns.

A Solitary Dreamtime

Likely little or nothing of your dreamtime matters to anyone but You.
All your experiences, all your insights, all your sentiments, all your passions,
Mean squat to any other, in comparison to the attachment, You bear towards them.

The Problems! The Problems!

There are always problems that need resolution.
The trick is to meet them directly, clearly, pragmatically,
With a mind that is open to the best solution in the given moment.
The less bother, the less drama, the better for all concerned.

More Than Likely

It is more than likely every other life form in this quantum garden,
Lives in the ever-present, unborn-undying awareness,
More than the most awakened sage.

The Art of Grace

Winning and losing are but states of mind, adjustments in attitude.
Play any competition hard and well; always give it your best.
Winning gracefully, losing gracefully, is an art of its own.

Delusion Unending

Regarding the genomic commonalities, the inherent behaviors of the human psyche:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
It is delusion for any individual, any group, any culture,
To believe itself in any way grander or superior to any other.

The Solitary Existence

Why would it really matter whether anyone ever thinks about You, whether anyone cares about You?
The reality, harsh as it may seem, is that You are timelessly, indivisibly alone.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Reigning in the Seven Deadlies

No matter the culture, the geography, the time,
Every human being is subject to the same Seven Deadly Sins.
Pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth, are all potential in any mind.
To have the insight, the discipline, to keep them reigned in, to hold them in check, to keep them at bay,
To play them out as rationally, as temperately, as soberly, as judiciously, as ascetically,
As moderately as possible, is an every-moment challenge for all.

Naught But Stories

No history is ever exactly, what we imagine, what we translate, it to be,
And certainly not close to anything, even the most well-intentioned screenwriter,
Can bundle into a two-hour movie, a ten-hour documentary,
Or even a long-running mini-series.

Bypassing the Mind-Gorp

Life is a convoluted dream: Why should You not be convoluted dreamer?
Why should You be bound by any precept or principle, any theory or formula,
Any rule or law, any decree or edict, any order or directive, any concept or notion?
Why should You be obligated to any human-made mind-gorp, whatsoever?

The Fates Will Not Be Denied

No one can change their fate, their destiny, their kismet, their luck, their doom.
All attempts are naught but what it is, kaleidoscoping into what it will be.
What it was, has ever been, will ever be, since the dawn of Creation.

Same Jungle, Same Monkeys

Alas to all the migrants and refugees and homeless and countless other disenfranchise souls.
Tough being on the short end of the stick in this so-called civilized, road-to-perdition madhouse.
The one-percenters and their underlings have never given a rat's derrière for the tormented underclass.
They have always manipulated and enslaved the less potent folk to their own ends, and always will.
Revolutions and civil wars and assassinations, only put new masks on the same underlying greed.

The Subjectivity of All Histories

What makes anyone so beyond-an-iota-of-doubt-sure,
That anything ever really happened the way they arbitrarily perceived it?
And if perchance there is an objective, impartial truth, who or what can ever be witness to it?
Is it even the slightest bit possible for there to be an unbiased, impartial observer,
Without one relative, subjective, judgmental rendition or another?

The Ever-Churning Angst of Consciousness

What is this great fear, this great dread,
That harbors ever-humming in this mammalian frame,
But the genomic pulse, the instinctive craving, the conscious obsession,
The ceaseless quest, the endless pursuit of unfeasible-unreachable-unattainable security,
That is never long-satisfied, never long at ease, no matter how we feed it?
Consciousness ever-tormented to churn on and on and on.

The Intuitive Source of Rational Thinking

Science is intuition, supported by experiments, by measurements, that can be duplicated.
Intuition alone, well, that is the matter of mystics, sitting in ashrams, staring at walls,
And unassuming observers, singing around campfires, drinking whisky and wine.
And occasionally, scientists, on wanders, musing with nary a gadget in hand.

The Wings of Perception

What curious things, sensory-inspired perceptions are.
Given so much credence, despite being entirely born up the wings of imagination.
Stories all, to whatever end, only imagination cares.

All Niches Are Ultimately Equal

Why would You ever presume that your awareness, your operating system, your source code,
Is any different, any greater, any lesser, than that of any other living life form small to great?
You are not superior or inferior to anything in this inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery.

Your First and Foremost Every Day Passion

What is your calling, your vocation, your passion,
But whatever, given every thinkable, every possible option,
You would first and foremost, at least part of every day, choose to do.

The Hunger That Never Sleeps

Ambition, naked or well-cloaked, can be more savage than the most ferocious beast.
At least the beast stops until its corporeal hunger gives rise to the next chase.
Human hunger, the insatiable craving of consciousness, never sleeps.

The Dance of Duality

Without life, is there death?
Without good, is there evil?
Without light, is there dark?
Without white, is there black?
Without ecstasy, is there agony?
Without right, is there wrong?
Without love, is there hate?
Without yes, is there no?
Without either, is there or?
What is duality but a menagerie,
Of an all but infinite array of possibilities,
In which all dreams of consciousness dance their dance.

Dubious Assumptions

Your body, if it is your body, why is it always changing?
Where was it before You were born? Where will it be after You die?
And while in it, have You ever really been anything more than solitary witness,
To a boggling, sensory-inspired, ever-present, quickly-passing dream?
We call it space, we call it time, we call it real, we call it true,
But is it all any more than a dubious assumption?

Madness Across the Board

We are all mad, each in our own unique way.
Any given normal is but capricious collusion.

Scratching Away at the Unknown in Every Way

The electromagnetic spectrum is a mighty huge, relatively unknowable mystery,
Despite all scientific and mathematical and religious and philosophical and mystical,
And every other subjective and piecemeal investigation and assumption, to the contrary.

Everyone an Observer

Everyone, everywhere, to whatever degree they can muster,
Investigates physics and chemistry and biology in their own unique way.
Some may well be more perceptive, more accurate, in their observations than others,
But all, right or wrong or indifferent, have their conclusions,
And play out their existence accordingly.

Just a Distraction

How long can You shop and gorge your way,
Out of depression and dissatisfaction and boredom?
Consumption is a distraction, not a solution.

Those Who Would Be at Peace Endure Those Incapable of It

This spinning orb has been usurped by psychopaths, sociopaths, narcissists, and sundry miscreants.
The more innocuous, less invasive folk, abide the heart-breaking absurdities as best as they can,
Growing gardens, taking long walks, and staring at walls in coffee shops, bars, and ashrams.

Duality's Menagerie

Duality's menagerie is required for this dream,
To play its play, dance its dance, sing its song.

The Crowded Centerstage

What is this need, this monkey-mind drive, so many have,
To be on stage, to have others moving and swaying to their narcissism?
This deep longing for others to applaud them, to follow them, to mimic their delusion.
Why should, why would, how could, anyone travel the same direction, in the same manner as You?

The Dead Reign the Living

History is woven into every language.
The dead reign from the graves of mind.
From the dusty realms at imagination's end.

Friends Without Borders

Friends in low places.
Friends in high places.
Friends in the between.
What difference, really?

Destiny, a Pfft in All Eternity

Destiny is all, all is destiny.
Naught but a blink, a blip, a flash, a pfft, in all eternity.
Whatever that is, or is not.

No Differences in the Timeless Clarity

Knowing and unknowing, what difference to the timeless clarity of pure awareness?
Whether cloudy or clear, the skies are ever untouched by the trammels of consciousness.
Yes, your apparatus is perhaps more complex, your consciousness, your mind, more adroit,
But the essential awareness can be no different across any and all universes,
Or even the inexplicable dimensions beyond all beyonds.

The Shadows of Relativity

No doubt that You are brilliant in the light of your own singularity.
Alas that others cast so many shadows of relativity upon your vanity.

The Gift of Time

Retirement is a don't-worry-be-happy state of mind.
How many who manage to depart the working world,
Do it well, even if they have all the money in the world?

Consciousness Got No Game

Ultimate truth, ultimate reality, whatever it is, whatever it is not,
Can never be ascertained through any means by the dream of consciousness.
All the perceptions, all the assumptions, that have ever played out in this quantum theater,
Are naught but an ever-momentary, ever-intangible, ever-relative, burst of imagination in awareness.

The Dream Ahead

All those now living, now abiding this desecrated world, will relatively soon be dead and forever gone.
What we all thought and did, about and to each other, what we all assumed real and true,
Will not matter even one scintilla to anyone but a relatively few academics,
And other accumulators of all things absurd and monotonous.
Assuming, of course, anyone manages to survive,
The dream we are bequeathing.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air ...
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.